NATIONAL REVIEW

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July 1, 1961

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Mars Neurosis

SUZANNE LABIN

Worries of Wechsler

AN EDITORIAL

Pitney-Bowes Objects

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

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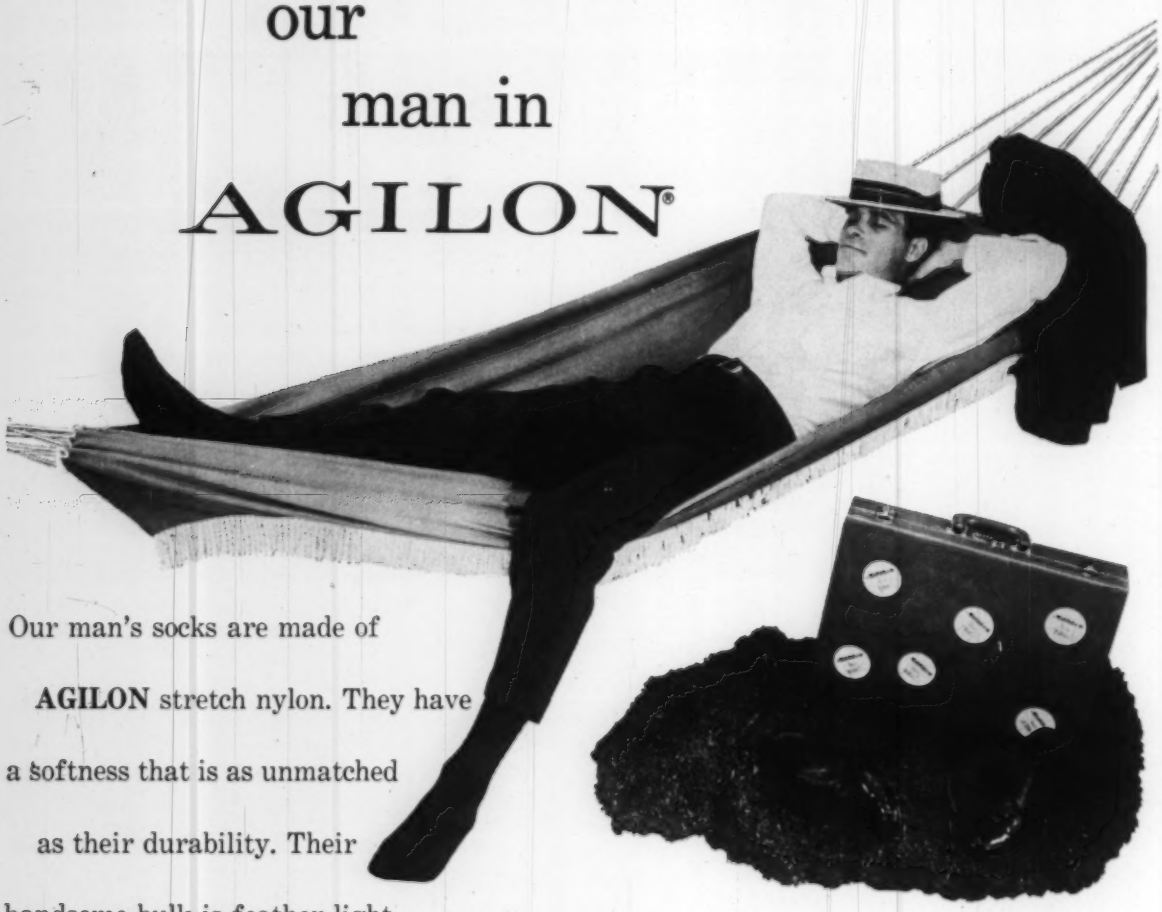

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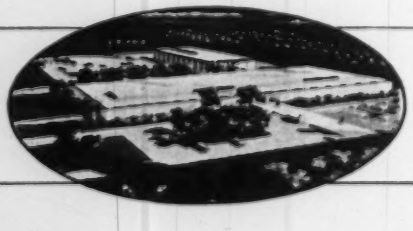

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **J. D. Futch** puts into geometric order the meshed sorties by which we Westerners persuade ourselves that our historic day is done, and that there remains only the apologetic task of burying ourselves with the least possible fuss, thus saving Khrushchev the bother. Mr. Futch made his journalistic debut in NR's "under thirty" issue two years ago, at which time he was turning a routine tour of military service in Italy into a lucky chance for learning much about the history, arts and life of that germinal land. . . . **Suzanne Labin,** wife of a distinguished French physicist, herself one of France's (and the Free World's) most distinguished and untiring anti-Communists, suggests that our obsession with missiles and nuclear weapons, to the neglect of political warfare, reproduces the Maginot Line illusion. Mme. Labin is the author of *The Ant Hill: The Human Condition in Communist China,* which has been published in this country by Praeger (NR, Feb. 25).

➔ The doughty editor of the *Richmond News Leader,* NR's trusty friend, **James Jackson Kilpatrick,** brings a jolly but very sharp lance to the support of the battered but conspicuously unbowed A. G. Heinsohn Jr., of Cherokee Textile Mills, in his feud with Pitney-Bowes and the U.S. Post Office over the right to emblazon the banner of "a republic, not a democracy" on the company's envelopes. . . . **Kenneth Shorey,** who calls on conservatives to defend and further an active theater, classic and creative, appears for the first time on our roster, though he was anonymously present two years ago as one of the "young actors struggling valiantly against cinema and television" in Russell Kirk's account of Yorkshire's "grim colliery town" of Castleford. He will be the drama critic for *Realm,* the Canadian journal of conservative opinion which begins publication this summer.

➔ **Louise** and **Donald Cowan,** who lead the book section with an analysis of the vast but murky book in which Lewis Mumford sums up his lifelong preoccupation with "the city," are, respectively, Professor of English and Professor of Physics at the University of Dallas in Texas. . . . **Peter Melik** reviews a witty, first-rate novel about "people in motion — making decisions, acting upon them, having ideas about them," and a "fresh and pertinent and unowlish" book *about* novels. . . . **Bohdan Chudoba** — a member of the Czech parliament in the pre-Communist era, author of numerous books on history and society, now a teacher at Iona College — considers the net pluses and minuses of that rarity among published works, a history of his homeland. . . . Professor **Jerzy Hauptmann,** who writes about the newly published book on education's future by NR's frequent contributor, Thomas Molnar, is also a refugee (from Communist Poland), now head of the Political Science Department at Missouri's Park College. ➔

The WEEK

● Asked if CIA had yet moved into its multi-million-dollar new building in Langley, Virginia, one important agency official commented: "No. I understand there's a 'for rent' sign out front, though."

● It is already a truism that John G. Tower is the political phenomenon of 1961. He's the youngest man in the United States Senate, yes, even younger than Frank Church (the Democratic boy orator who weren't). He's the first Republican Senator to be elected from Texas since Reconstruction days. He's a genuine conservative. He's a man of learning, a former college professor, but he's more than that: intelligent, articulate and—praise the Lord—witty, as anyone who witnessed his performance on "Meet the Press" a week ago can testify. There was, as the saying goes, blood all over the floor when that half hour was finished, and none of it was John G. Tower's.

● The Supreme Court is rising from its session with a stack of decisions. The trend against states' rights continues: the Court ruled (reversing a traditional doctrine affirmed as recently as 1949) that state courts must observe the federal law that prohibits the use as evidence of material seized illegally; and the Court decided that the Constitution prohibits Maryland (and all other states) from compelling incoming public officials to take an oath that implies belief in the existence of God. The trend against business continues: the Court refused to review its decision requiring du Pont to get rid of its General Motors stock within ten years. But the trend seems to have turned away from a doctrinaire inclusion of Communist conspiracy under the protective wing of the Bill of Rights: the Court upheld the Federal Government's right to dismiss a person of questionable loyalty; the Court upheld the requirement that Communists register under the 1950 Internal Security Act; the Court sustained the clause of the 1940 Smith Act that makes it a crime to take a knowing and active part in an association that advocates the violent overthrow of the government. All in all, there is cause for cautious joy: the trend, as far as Communists are concerned, is good, and several of the Justices seem to have revived their interest in law as distinguished from ideology. But the important decisions are still coming down from that minima. 5-4 majority, and the future composition of the court may easily be reversed if President Kennedy has a chance to name a new Justice or two.

● We are an up-to-date crowd at NATIONAL REVIEW, so we naturally understand that it is vicious, colonialist, imperialist aggression if police and troops commanded by Europeans must club and sometimes shoot some human beings in the effort to maintain a minimum of civil order; and a noble struggle for freedom, independence and liberation when a ferocious band of primitives, inflamed by madmen and directed by professional agents of a world conspiracy, rape, torture, mutilate and kill all men and women, white, black and brown, who cross their path. But for all our broad-mindedness we can't quite figure out what the Kennedy Administration thinks it is accomplishing by its Angola policy. The results so far have been: 1) to antagonize and injure Portugal, a staunch ally whose naval bases and airfields and ports are very important to our security; 2) to offend our other principal NATO allies; 3) to encourage and provoke excursions into Angola and Mozambique by outside conspirators and terrorists, whose success could mean only chaos for those huge territories, followed by Communist takeover, plus misery and frightfulness for their inhabitants.

● Note for the hunters of the witch-hunters: the following witches have been apprehended or identified since April: George Blake, Henry Houghton, Ethel Gee, Gordon Lonsdale, Lona Cohen and Morris Cohen (in England, but the last two are Americans); Miroslav Nacvalac of Czechoslovakia's delegation to the UN; Irvin C. Scarbeck of the U.S. Embassy in Warsaw. In the U.S. the trial of Robert Soblen has opened. (We'll omit the continuing line of SANE members, national science scholars *e tutti quanti* who take the Fifth when asked about Communist connections.) It is all very well to declare that governmental investigations of espionage are witch-hunts, with the sneering implication that witches don't exist now any more than they did in Salem three hundred years ago. But when the hunters actually catch the witches with their brooms down—ay, what then, Arthur Miller?

● Dr. Castro first offered to sell the lot for $1,236 a head, f.o.b. Havana. The United States Tractor Team was still interested after the price rose to $2,417 each. But the latest quote is $22,562 per prisoner, and the United States Tractor Team shows signs of waning interest. Blackmail is all right, says the Team, but putting *that* high a price on human life is Unthinkable.

● The first concrete result of the alliance between Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters and Harry Bridges' Longshoremen is a new contract between Bridges' union and the Distributors Association of Northern California, providing for a 27-cent-an-hour increase plus

fringe benefits. The significant thing about the contract is that negotiators from the Teamsters sat in on the talks, and the Teamsters threatened that they too would go on strike if the employers did not come to terms with the Longshoremen. This is the "district-wide" bargaining which the powerful transportation unions say they will insist on in future in view of what they call "unfair labor laws." It might be well for the Justice Department to take that vulture eye off the electrical industry long enough to ponder the possible consequence for national security of a tie-up between bullyboy Hoffa and fellow traveler Bridges.

● The first Peace Corpsmen are in training now, and will soon be en route to Tanganyika and Colombia to labor in village, farm and roadbed. And in the finest tradition of the Corps, we are told, they will live and work with, and under the same conditions as the people they seek to help, receiving from the United States Government only: work clothes and transportation (bicycle or jeep), medical and dental care (and a water purification kit), $150 a month for living expenses (plus $75 to be banked at home)—in short, more in a single month than a Tanganyikan worker or Colombian peasant makes in a year. What we can probably expect next is a foreign aid program to raise the standard of living of the Tanganyikan worker and Colombian peasant to the level at which a democratic, freedom-loving Peace Corpsman can be expected to live on the same as.

● Roslyn is on Long Island. Greater Roslyn is the imperialistic expression of nineteenth-century territorial acquisitiveness still, alas, rife in that province. The Greater Roslyn Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy is the expression of imperialistic twentieth-century ideological expansionism seeking to subvert the world. On June 4 the Greater Roslyn, etc. gave a "Reception and Cocktail Party" for Mr. Ashab B. Bhadhamkar, counselor of India's mission to the UN, with entertainment, at a cost of a $10 contribution, per couple, to further the good cause. All things considered, the entertainment was superfluous.

● Dreary as is the life of the average Rumanian, it is apparently not so dreary that he will willingly submit himself to the tender mercies of the official propagandists who run the Rumanian movie studios. The result: a badly-depressed film industry. The solution: by order of the Ministry of Education and Culture films shall be shown after hours at factory, mill and mine. Tickets to be disbursed—on a compulsory basis—by the trade unions. Admission price to be deducted from the weekly paycheck. Maybe Madison Avenue has something still to learn about the hard sell.

We'll Huff and We'll Puff . . .

Once more, and yet once more, bold words have been launched from the eloquent pads of the New Frontier toward Moscow and the four quarters of the earth: this time to trumpet Mr. Kennedy's stand on the grave topic of nuclear tests. The United States' note of June 17 accurately reviews the "almost three years of painstaking effort on the part of the United States and the United Kingdom to work out an effective agreement with the Soviet Union." It recounts the long (much too long) series of generous (far too generous) concessions that the West has made to the Soviet viewpoint. It carefully explains why the "proposals and position taken in the Soviet *aide mémoire* [of June 6] negate the entire concept of effective international control."

The Soviet proposals, the note bluntly continues, "would leave the Soviet Union, with its closed society, its government unaccountable either to a parliament or to an informed public opinion, and its actions shrouded in a veil of secrecy, free to conduct nuclear tests without fear of exposure. For almost three years, the United States has been willing to assume the risk of not testing nuclear weapons without the certainty that the Soviet Union has likewise stopped its testing. The national security and defenses of the free world do not allow this risk to be assumed indefinitely."

All such being manifestly the case, the government of the United States has of necessity, for the sake of the nation's survival, to . . . , to . . . . To resume tests, surely? Whoa, there, citizen; let's not fly off the handle. To . . . , to . . . , well, "to face an increasing need to take whatever steps may be necessary" and . . . , and to point out to everybody that for "the failure to agree . . . the USSR . . . would have to take the responsibility" and . . . , and, well: "An effective test ban treaty should be signed without delay." Period. End of document.

Well, that's the kind of stuff that will make old Khrushchev tremble in his boots, all right. From laughing, that is. Unless he's getting just plain bored with the repeats of this Kennedy turn. What a statement it was three months ago on Laos! The United States would never let Laos run down the Communist drain, no Sir! An immediate cease-fire, or else! And then—though Thailand, the Philippines, South Vietnam and Taiwan were ready to send the troops needed for actual resistance in the field—there was no cease-fire, and the rush down the drain has been uninterrupted, and the United States has done nothing except to offer (through Mr. Harriman at Geneva, two days after the note on nuclear testing) to withdraw from Laos all its military personnel.

And the White House Paper on Cuba! *That* was a historic Manifesto, remember! We can also remem-

ber that the President, a few days later, found himself unable to give the command to establish the air cover over the beaches, without which the Freedom Fighters' expedition was foredoomed to defeat.

What is to be sequel, then, of these intelligent, informative and frequently brave words on nuclear testing? As in each preceding case, there is only one conceivable conclusion that can complete the logic: an *act*, a firm and unhedged act.

Khrushchev, of all men, knows the meaning of these practical syllogisms. Without the act, the words are smoky wind and bombast. The President went to Vienna, we are told, to make sure that Khrushchev would not press too hard from "a miscalculation" of our strength of purpose, to show Khrushchev "our determination" to defend our rights and obligations, above all in the decisive matter of Berlin. But how will the President prove to Khrushchev our strength and determination—if these indeed exist or can be summoned into being? Never, certainly, by words, however brave or loud. Khrushchev judges men by their acts; he scorns their words. As everyone realizes, he has been for the past five months investigating *the will* of the new United States leadership. In every experiment so far made, he has uncovered beneath the words, confusion, floundering, withdrawal, retreat. By the evidence, why should he suppose that he cannot advance with as little serious risk in Berlin as in Laos or Cuba?

Do we want to save Berlin? To call a halt?

Enough of talk, then. Let the nuclear tests resume. They, or rather the act of decision that triggers them, will speak a language to which Khrushchev will begin to listen.

Let the Generals Beware

General Walker, the *New York Times* now informs us, was An Example. In a long and monumentally dull article quoting half a dozen studiously unidentified "high ranking officers," "Pentagon officials" and New Frontiersmen, the *Times* reveals that the "new civilian team" in the Defense Department is "seriously alarmed" over attempts by general officers in this country and abroad to indoctrinate their troops in "political theories resembling those of John Birch." These anonymous informants point to participation of military men in such programs as (Richardson Foundation director) Frank Barnett's Military-Industrial Conferences; to sponsorship by certain army units of the anti-Communist films, *Operation Abolition* and *Communism on the Map;* to the unspeakable fact that some officers on the Active List have shared platforms with (Notre Dame Professor of Philosophy) Gerhart Niemeyer as self-evidently shocking examples of the kind of radical right-wingism which has the Pentagon in a state of maximum alert. Implicit in the story is the pious hope that the transgressing officers will take a look at what happened to General Walker and lay off. (An earlier and more amusing rendition of the same theme, played with proletarian abandon and even airier disregard for fact, was in the *Worker* of May 21.)

The *Times* story, stripped of its irresponsible sensationalism (how does the *Times* manage to make sensationalism so dull?) points up an important development in the military establishment that should be noted. Just as the French Army took stock of France's situation after the loss of Indochina, so our military leaders have pondered the lessons of the Korean War. They studied the appalling behavior of large numbers of American soldiers who folded mentally and morally in North Korean and Chinese prison camps. They concluded that an Army which might at any moment be called upon to fight Communism must understand Communism, and must have the moral stamina to resist it. In due course the National Security Council issued a directive to Army commands to the effect that they should under-

take a program of education and indoctrination in Cold War realities. Many officers took this order seriously. It was in carrying out this directive that General Walker instituted his "Pro-Blue" program.

The scope of the Army's indoctrination program and its content should of course be open to public discussion; and, certainly, partisan politics should play no part in it. But surely if the Joint Chiefs and the men who will command the men who will fight the next brushfire or full-scale war believe an understanding of Communism and a dash of old-fashioned patriotism is as essential to the training of an infantryman as the handling of an M-2, he should be given that understanding. Unfortunately for the *Times*, the Liberal community has never grasped the scope or nature of the Communist enterprise, so that it usually turns out to be officers of conservative conviction who initiate active and realistic anti-Communist educational programs.

Will the *Times* and the Pentagon's "new civilian team" be satisfied if our General Walkers steel the spirit of their men with a diet of Norman Cousins and SANE pamphlets in place of J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit?* We'll guarantee that that's the easiest way for them to stay out of trouble.

The Oregon Trail

Last November the voters of Oregon made up their minds not only about candidates for national office but also about candidates for some of their own state offices. Among these was the post of Secretary of State, and the choice was between the conservative Howell Appling and the leftward-tilting Monroe Sweetland. Although Sweetland tried to show that he had left behind him such childish things as his early connection with socialist and Communist groups, he let his slip show in a mid-October speech at Linfield College, where he was asked whether the free enterprise system was the best way to run an economy. (His answer: No.) A group in Portland, awakened to the problem, organized the Oregon Committee for Honest Politics to oppose Sweetland.

The Committee published a circular, based on such documents as newspaper articles, books, and the records of congressional investigations, showing Sweetland's connection with left-wing groups throughout his life. In accordance with Oregon law the circular carried the name of the sponsoring committee and the name and address of the secretary. It also carried the signatures of thirty other citizens.

Sweetland said all the statements in the circular were false. The District Attorney of Multnomah County, an old friend of Sweetland's, and a former Republican turned Democrat, offered Sweetland a complaint to sign. Sweetland didn't sign it. He didn't have to. One of the deputies had served as his campaign manager, and other deputies were sympathetic. The Grand Jury was in session. The District Attorney called several witnesses—all of them Liberals, all of them in some way close to Sweetland—who gave character references for Sweetland. No signers of the circular were called to testify.

The signers of the circular began to receive anonymous telephone calls. On October 26, late at night, three men from the D.A.'s office pushed into Mrs. W. L. Soderback's home, failed to identify themselves, asked her about the circular she had signed, and handed her a subpoena ordering her to appear before the Grand Jury the following Monday. The next day someone called Mrs. Soderback, told her the preceding night's visit had been "unofficial," and said she didn't have to appear before the Grand Jury. To be safe, she went anyway. The Grand Jury was not meeting. Her subpoena was canceled.

The D.A.'s office began leaking warnings against distribution of the circular, and let it be known that some people "knew" that the anti-Sweetland statements were false. Oregon has a statute making it a crime to publish false statements about a candidate; it was said the Grand Jury might take action.

Then a second circular appeared. The D.A. swung into action. Four, and eventually five, of the signers were arrested, and a number of "John Doe" warrants were issued, blank, as ammunition to intimidate the other signers. Somehow the leftist-favoring newsmen and television stations were informed that the culprits would not be taken to the court house but to a jail, used only for convicted criminals, that stood in the outskirts of Portland. There the press made hay while the agents of "justice" took the fingerprints, cash, and mug shots of such dangerous characters as Mrs. Louise Gronnert, the wife of a local attorney and a longtime campaigner against Communists in Oregon; the Reverend Claude Pike, minister of the Evangelical United Brethren Church and a member of anti-Communist groups in Portland; Mr. Homer Rogers, proprietor of the Freedom Book Store; and Mr. Henry Dieringer, a retired postal clerk and an active member in the Cardinal Mindszenty study groups.

The four desperadoes were released on bond or in their own recognizance. The conservative Howell Appling won the election, drawing more votes than were cast either in the Presidential or senatorial races. Mrs. Gronnert has filed two suits: one against Sweetland and the D.A., charging conspiracy; and one against Sweetland alone, charging personal slander.

NATIONAL REVIEW hopes Mrs. Gronnert wins her suits, as she should, and hopes the D.A. loses his by a margin as devastating as the margin by which Sweetland was repudiated at the polls. People have gone far enough with their crooked definitions of

Watch Your Step, Cousins

NATIONAL REVIEW has a built-in skepticism toward One Worldism and its multitudinous manifestations in our time, from UNESCO to the Peace Corps, from Norman Cousins and world disarmament to Arnold Toynbee and the Unity of all Religions. But we have at the same time a settled bias toward the solidarity of the West, and toward every promising, if often faltering, symptom that Western solidarity is being translated into practical reality: toward NATO, the Common Market, Western bloc voting in the UN, a united Western stand in the face of the provocations of the enemy, whose primary objective is the destruction of the West.

Within the Western community, the closest ties, for the United States, are naturally and inevitably those with our Anglo-Saxon cousins. A common origin, language, culture, the incomparable institutions that we share in our laws and political forms, the intimate historical links between our economies, the wars in which we fought side by side—all project us toward a common fate.

Granted, then, that we must cherish and preserve our unity with our British cousins, one cannot, for the sake of that unity, altogether neglect the basis on which it is achieved. Allied, united action between two separate nations, however close they may be in history, sentiment and goals, must always involve some compromise, some sacrifice of special interests, on both sides. But the sacrifice should not be permitted to reach a point where the loss in terms of the national interest plainly exceeds what profit the unity can bring. Britain herself has always made shrewdly sure that such a calculation nets a result in her favor.

The occasion for the restatement of these prudential rules is a growing awareness that during the past months the British Government seems to be more and more deliberately setting a course which runs more and more directly against what ought to be regarded as our national interest. To the extent that we join or acquiesce in that course, we wound ourselves with a masochism that could in the end prove suicidal.

The British course is injuring our national interest because it is aiding, and in some cases very obviously and greatly aiding, our enemy. The British, for example, are not merely trading with both Russia and mainland China (as well as all the satellites), but are actively promoting and expanding that trade. On May 19 they opened a major British Trade Fair in Moscow's Sokolniki Park. Among the wares they offered were the tools and machines that can help overcome the difficulties of many of the most strategic of Sino-Soviet enterprises. Recently the Soviet and British TV networks made the first East-West linkup in history. This is to be regularly repeated. Through this method, British viewers saw and heard in the manner that Moscow chose, the celebration of Communism's May Day.

Professor Vasili Emalyanov, chief of Russia's nominally civilian applications of atomic energy, recently visited in London to negotiate an exchange of information in his rather crucial field. Last year, a British firm shipped an entire plastics factory to the Soviet Union. Through Hong Kong, the enormous trade, both legal and illegal, conducted with Communist China enables Mao to patch many of the cracks in his precarious economy. British brokers have chartered to Peiping the hundred ships now rushing Canadian and Australian grain to feed Mao's soldiers.

The political trends echo the economic. Britain long ago recognized the Peiping government. Since the first of the year, the British leaders have been conducting a public as well as private campaign to pressure us into relaxing our own stand, both on recognition and on UN admittance. Their influence has been added to that of the Softs in our own Administration to prevent a breakoff of the futile Geneva talks on nuclear tests. They, working in harmony with the Russians, have devised the whole scheme for "settling" the Laos affair by a Popular Front government of the standard type that experience has proved to be simply a stage in full Communist takeover. It was the British, helped by the French and by our indecisions, who at the SEATO meeting in Bangkok, beat down the wish of the Philippines, South Vietnam and Thailand—the nations, one would imagine, with the most direct stake in the matter—to make a firm stand in Laos.

We will not speculate here on what combination of weakness and illusion is responsible for the British policy. Whatever the motive, that policy needs a colder estimate from our side, before it beckons us into an appeasement pit from which it will take a long and awkard climb to get out. We do not suggest that we ought to "go it alone" in any crass or naive sense. Nor is it necessary to go it alone. One main reason for Britain's present appeasing of the enemy—for this is what the current policy amounts to—is her conviction that Washington is not offering any coherent counter-policy or responsible leadership. If our government could make up its mind about what the interest of the United States truly is, and what we need to do to survive, then it would not be too difficult to secure sufficient agreement from Britain to do what must be done: for Britain knows well enough that unless we survive she cannot. If we continue to flounder, we cannot very well criticize the flounderings of our friends.

civil liberties. If decent citizens can be penalized for quoting, among other sources, articles from the *New York Times* that work to the disadvantage of Liberal candidates, then NR's thoughts will hardly be fit to print.

Worries of Wechsler

There are those who, viewing its pictures of unclad and abundant female flesh and reading its juicy tales of personal scandal, might question the *New York Post's* dicta on Morals, but none will dispute the authority of its pronouncements on matters of Faith. Night in, night out, its college of princely columnists (Max Lerner, Eleanor Roosevelt, Doris Fleeson, Joseph Barry, Seymour Freiden, Marquis Childs, Murray Kempton, Dr. Rose N. Franzblau . . .) give out the undiluted Liberal Word on all topics from H-bombs to bed-wetting. Picture to yourself, then, the scene in Supreme Editor James A. Wechsler's private chapel on Monday, June 19, as he scanned a proof sheet, hot from the press room, and boiling over with heresy hideous and undisguised!

Once weekly the *Post* opens a page to a column by TV and radio broadcaster Eric Sevareid, who has been well known to most of the listening world since he made his large mark on the European fronts during the war. Let us give you some notion of the infamies that stained the Sevareid copy on that black Monday just past:

> The showdown with the Communist world conspiracy is on. We have entered the final stage of the long struggle to determine if we can hold our world position short of a great war. . . .
>
> [Khrushchev] did his best at Vienna to make us understand, just as Hitler did, time after time. . . . He was saying: "We have you. Why go on with the chess game?" . . .
>
> He is now sure that the great game of isolating the U.S., then impoverishing it, then breaking its will, is all over save for our helpless, thrashing convulsions. . .
>
> I imagine [the Communists] play an uproarious game of "Can You Top This?" reading selected items from the British and American press. The passionate claims of British socialists that Britain will have *more* world influence if she gives up her atomic weapons must be a consistent funnybone tickler. These days they must particularly cherish the Whitehall-Lippmann theory that if we show willingness to renegotiate West Berlin, the Reds will obligingly give us at the bargaining table a *stronger* position than we have now.
>
> Surely they adore reading the worrying, hair-shirt arguments that the U.S. must not do this or that because it will offend "world opinion" . . . They must love the British-American notion that the bosses of the new, "neutral" nations are somehow more high-minded and spiritual than those of the committed nations. . . . And they must love the large school of American liberals who assume that any given country, however barren and illiterate, however profound its background of violence and chieftainship, is capable not only of economic modernization but of parliamentary democracy. . . .
>
> The gamesmen in the Kremlin must smile in their sleep as they realize how deeply ingrained is the American illusion that a ton of wheat can offset a ton of Communist artillery shells, that a squad of Peace Corpsmen is a match for a squad of guerrilla fighters. . . .
>
> Frightened people in a score of desperate countries want to be on the winning, but not necessarily the moral side; and we have to start winning soon. We are going to lose in several more places before we do. We may as well face the fact that we will also lose in places we cannot afford to lose, until and unless we are willing to fight, no matter the reproving editorials in the *Manchester Guardian* . . .
>
> We can afford to lose everything—except respect for strength and determination. Lose that, and Khrushchev won't bother to sit down and talk again even to say No.

Trembling at the scale of the blasphemy, Editor Wechsler (we can picture every move) rushed for bell, book and candle; and the entire editorial section was scarcely enough for the exorcism:

> Essentially Sevareid's essay is an attack on the liberal credo in foreign policy. . . .

(It's you who say it, Editor Wechsler, and on that topic we are among those who do not question your infallibility.)

> The heart of his argument is that the principles of democratic liberalism have utterly failed to stem the Communist advance.

Verily.

> Sevareid argues the case with characteristic passion. But [attend all ye faithful!] we find it no more persuasive on his typewriter [than on Sata . . . Excuse us!] than on William Buckley's.

Economics, Demagogy, Tyranny

The railroads, tangled in an incredible web of federal regulation, burdened with incessantly augmented taxation, hobbled by federally-sponsored labor laws akin to medieval guild rules, and assaulted by young and spirited forms of new transportation such as trucking firms and airlines, have in recent years introduced two major technical devices as part of their attempt to meet the competition: diesel locomotives, and the "piggyback" system. The anti-trust officials of the Justice Department have, in effect, charged that the railroads should have paid higher prices for their diesels. That is the meaning of the

suit against General Motors for charging prices calculated, successfully, to win the business. And an examiner of the Interstate Commerce Commission has recommended that the railroads' reduced rates for "piggyback" traffic, which cut the freight bill on (for example) the average automobile by about $60, should be rejected. The government in its wisdom says that General Motors must not charge prices for diesels that undercut the steam locomotive makers, and that the railroads must not charge prices that undercut the truckers.

Meanwhile, General Electric and sixteen other electrical equipment manufacturers are entering the first stage of what will probably be a decade of legal action arising from the anti-trust case in which they were charged with doing exactly the opposite: maintaining prices, by agreement, at a level that would stabilize production and employment by avoiding cut-throat competition. The government in its wisdom says that these companies must not charge prices that are too high.

In economics one learns that the forces of supply and demand balance each other in a free market at a point which is called "the price." In politics one learns that a demagogical lust for the blood of the Big Businessman earns great headlines in the press and, presumably, hulking majorities at the polls as long as the voters ignore the fact that they have to pay more for the goods they buy when the price is set above that of the most efficient producer, and that quality and availability decline when the price is set too low for profitable production. And in political theory one learns that a government that claims not only the wisdom to determine by fiat what price is too low and what price is too high but also the power to establish a certain price for all sellers and all buyers in one industry after another—one learns that such a government is, for all practical purposes, a tyranny.

"We can't let Tito, Gomulka, Nkrumah, Touré, Gizenga, Castro, Nehru, Mao, Khrushchev and Sukarno down now—otherwise what will the Emerging Tractor Committee and Uncommitted Freedom Riders think?"

Jugulars

On May 28 three electronic relay stations along the Utah-Nevada border, carrying the greater part of transcontinental communications, were blown up. On June 13 the cities of San Francisco and New York experienced simultaneous power failures, apparently as the result of minor mechanical malfunctions. On June 15 a large pier in the Hudson River burned up, temporarily closing the West Side Drive, one of two principal traffic lanes north out of New York City.

No, we are not going to stand up and shout that it's all a Communist plot. Neither can we guarantee that the events were *not* a sort of warming-up exercise, a rehearsal: or perhaps a test of this country's ability at repair and salvage. How did it happen? who did it, if anyone, and why? are questions that need answers; but they are not the only questions.

Such events, whether malicious or accidental, should remind us of the necessary corollary of technological progress: the vulnerability of concentration. In the days when the transportation system consisted of every man's feet and whatever horses he owned, it was virtually impregnable: now a half-dozen bombs in major switching yards, and a strike by pilots or flight engineers, with perhaps a wink from Jimmy Hoffa, is all that's needed to halt the flow of people and goods. Way back when the communication system was post horses, it would have been the work of an army to cut off the circulation of news. When every home had lanterns, the cities could not be thrown into darkness by the failure of a switch. For the magical advances in communications and transportation every thoughtful person must express admiration and thanks; and every

thoughtful person must also see that the broad and rapid supply of power and goods entails, necessarily, the possibility of broad and instantaneous disruption of that supply. For each advance, a price has been paid. As we have concentrated more and more of our life-force in these mechanical brains, we have exposed more and more of our jugular.

And a second question, flowing from this: when an underground electrical switch, or a deserted relay tower, or an abandoned wharf, constitutes a critical link in the great technological chain of being in an industrial state, can the wise man, or judge, dismiss wholly from mind the problems of internal subversion?

Not One Cent for Tribute

We print this letter from the former commander of the Seventh Fleet because we know it expresses the point of view held by nearly all officers of the military establishment, active and retired.

From 1946 to 1948, when I was in command of the Seventh Fleet, stationed in China, now and then officers and men under my command fell into the clutches of the Chinese Communists—who had taken over most of north China while the Nationalist Chinese were in a life-and-death struggle against Japanese totalitarian aggression. Once, Seventh Fleet planes operating over sea areas were forced to land in Communist-controlled areas because of weather conditions. Another time some of our men, hunting in areas in the general control of the Nationalist forces, strayed by mistake into areas where they were seized by Communist guerrillas.

In these two cases U.S. State Department diplomatic officials, "old China hands," offered their assistance in my efforts to effect the release of personnel under my command. Upon my tentative acceptance of their assistance they went on to say that we would have to pay ransom, and would have to make apologies. I immediately rejected their offer of assistance, and though difficulties were encountered, I managed to effect the release in these cases. I know that similar recommendations were made later by our State Department in China, and were rejected by other military people as being completely unacceptable, if we were to maintain the dignity and the interests of the United States, which the oath to which we subscribed on entry into the service naturally required us to do.

The adoption and approval by the Commander-in-Chief of our forces, and by others, of bribing Communist Castro with tractors, goes beyond my understanding.

ADMIRAL CHARLES M. COOKE
U.S. Navy (Retired)

For the Record

Seriously considered to replace Allen Dulles as CIA chief, General Telford Taylor, prosecutor of Nuremberg Trials, arch-foe of congressional investigations. His candidacy opposed by Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who favors General Maxwell Taylor, who with Kennedy investigated CIA's part in Cuban fiasco. Also a possibility, though fading, that CIA's operational (i.e., para-military) functions will be transferred to Pentagon. . . . CIA officials, testifying before a Senate committee last week, produced evidence to show that stories linking the CIA and NATO with the French Generals' Revolt were fabricated by the Communists and planted on Western journalists (as NR Bulletin reported May 27). . . . Certain Washington sources say the Cuban "invasion" was first scheduled for November 5, 1960, election eve, but called off as a result of pressures by leaders of the Democratic Party.

Latest argument for recognition of Peiping. State Department officials hint darkly that they have learned at Geneva nuclear talkathon that Mao will have the Bomb within six months. Unless we recognize Peiping we won't be able to talk to Mao about bombs, the argument goes. . . . Senate Republicans, led by Barry Goldwater, irate over appointment of TVA lawyer and doctrinaire public power man Joseph Swidler to Federal Power Commission. . . . Goldwater's Conscience of a Conservative being translated into Spanish, Italian and Japanese. . . . Former Newsweek Washington bureau manager Ernest K. Lindley, eased off the magazine to make way for appointment of JFK's pal Ben Bradlee as Bureau Chief, has been recompensed for services to New Frontier by appointment as special assistant to Secretary of State Dean Rusk.

Rapid City, South Dakota, public school teachers have got the word: They have been informed by mail that their salaries will be X next year—unless the federal aid to education bill goes through, in which case they will be raised to X + D.

The Third World War

As the Monsoon Begins

JAMES BURNHAM

Bangkok

An American colonel, with long experience in Southeast Asia:

"The Laotians are smiling loafers who won't fight? They're fighting damn well for Pathet Lao. They won't fight for us because they have no confidence that we know what we are doing. First we support a pro-Western government, then a neutralist government, then indicate we're ready to accept a Popular Front. One day we're all for Souphanouvong, next for Kong Le, then for Phoumi Nosavang and Boun Oum, then back to Souphanouvong. The Meo tribesmen love to fight; they'll fight for anyone who gives them arms and tells them who to shoot, just as their sister Meo tribes do in South China and Thailand. But we didn't even start arming the Meos until a couple of months ago.

"We haven't a chance to get anywhere by fighting in Laos? The Commies have control of two-thirds of the country already? What the hell. Remember a month after the trouble started in Korea? What did we have left then? We were down to the Pusan beachhead. And everybody said that Koreans wouldn't fight."

A South Vietnamese official, paralleling Filipino, Free Chinese and Thai leaders:

"So Vice President Johnson made no stopover at Vientiane. You people might have been a little less crass in informing world public opinion that you have written Laos off. He might have stopped over for an hour or two, just to make the record. Or can it be that you are still fooling yourselves, that you still have illusions about neutral coalition governments with the Communists? Don't you understand yet that for the Communists, neutralism and coalition governments are not "peaceful solutions" but methods of combat, not alternatives but supplements to subversion and guerrilla warfare? The cease-fire and the Geneva conference are polite farces. They do not alter in any way the objective fact—symbolized by Johnson's omission—that the levers of power are left in the Communists' hands. The verbal terms decided on in Geneva do not matter in the least. The Communists are ready to wrangle over them for months, because that will only make it more certain that you won't do anything in the field, where the issue is being decided, or has been."

An American official who has worked many years in Laos, echoing, evidently, the official State Department line, since the same ideas are being heard from many in the Laos mission as well as other (though not all: the United States has some admirable representatives in this region) U. S. officials throughout Southeast Asia:

"I don't see any reason for pessimism about the Laos developments. I'm optimistic, myself. Under a neutral government, we'll be able to compete with the Communists on an equal footing, and anyone who doesn't think we can win on that basis doesn't have much faith in our system. This will give us a chance to get right down to the villages and the grass roots, where we should have been doing more all along. We've got to show that we can do the things that the Communists do: get rid of the local corruption and graft, build up education, start farmers' associations, get the farmers to use more fertilizer and insecticides and to improve their techniques, go ahead with the Mekong River Valley development, give the country some sort of transport net. It will be best to do most of these things through the UN, even if we are putting up most of the money. That way there won't be any disputes over 'pro-West influence' or 'violating neutrality.'"

A member of the Free Chinese cabinet, paralleling his Filipino opposite number and military people, U.S. and local, operating in the theater:

"Washington seems to think that it can fix a static boundary between the Communist and non-Communist spheres by drawing a line on a map, incorporating it in a treaty or other formal document, and getting everyone's signature on the dotted lines. That sort of boundary doesn't exist any more, and is especially meaningless in this part of the world. Even as things have been during the past fifteen years, where is the exact boundary between India and Red China and between both of these and Tibet, Nepal, Assam, etc.? There is no boundary between Burma and China: the Shan states do not acknowledge either sovereignty, there are still thousands of anti-Communist Chinese in Burma even after the airlift of five thousand of them. The Pathet Lao has linked northern Laos with North Vietnam from the beginning, and the Meo tribes wander back and forth between Thailand, China and Laos. The Thais spill over into Laos, Burma, even China, and there are big Chinese populations in all the countries. The Viet Cong has never recognized the boundary between North and South Vietnam.

"Let us grant that it is true that there is no quick way in which we could liquidate the Communists in Laos. Assume that it would take five, ten, even twenty years, and that Americans as well as local forces would have to join in. But this corresponds to the realities of our time. If we do nothing in Laos—and it looks as if we are to do nothing—then the Communist boundary is automatically driven through to the borders of Thailand and South Vietnam; and indeed these borders are already breached. By fighting in Laos—it would not have to be on a massive scale, if it were correctly conceived and supported—we would be able to establish what we might call a 'moving boundary,' fluctuating with the progress of the fighting, but in any case holding the enemy much to the

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The Mars Neurosis of the U. S.

A noted French anti-Communist fighter charges that America, in her push for bigger and better missiles, is adopting a Maginot Line psychology.

SUZANNE LABIN

On October 10, 1957 the United States became neurotic. The Soviets had launched their first satellite, and as this palpable symbol of Soviet power swirled around a globe that had been constantly giving up territory to Soviet control, the Americans suddenly looked upon themselves as a fallen race. The trauma became a disease that I should call the Mars Neurosis, a state of mind in which all the problems of the world are translated into a need for more and ever more missiles.

Not that missiles are unimportant. They are essential, and no one would look lightly on the efforts America has made to build her martial power. But is the current problem one of making still *more* missiles? No matter who strikes first, with no matter what weapons, America has the missile capability today to slay fifty million Russians and destroy 60 per cent of the Soviet industrial plant. Obviously this has been enough to deter the lords of the Kremlin. I do not mean to say that all's right with American military preparations. In America as in the Soviet Union there is room for normal human error. What I do submit is that the fundamental requirements in the field of *deterrence* have been fulfilled in America, and that America should fix its attention elsewhere.

The Soviets are deterred not because they abhor destruction but because in that destruction they would be toppled. The Western public must learn to what an extent the Soviet government depends on the apparatus of coercion. Any attack that would destroy the Soviet channels of command would unseat the Communists. Democracy, because it is based on a consensus and not on police power, is much less imperiled by a disruption of the state machinery. But in Russia, without the telephone of the GPU ringing in every corner of the land, there could be no Communist tyranny. Every zone freed of the telephone would revolt, and Khrushchev knows it. Therefore, as long as America has the button *and the will to push it*, Khrushchev will never push his button. Indeed, if America in 1939 had had one fraction of the retaliatory force it now possesses, World War II would never have occurred.

There is, I submit, no missile gap. But there is a serious propaganda gap. While the Americans are exhausting their financial and emotional strength preparing for a war that will probably never be waged, the Soviets have begun to place major emphasis on *political* warfare: the perversion of all civilian instruments of policy-making—minds, press, unions, universities, ministries, etc. Five centuries before Christ, Sun Tse said it; and the Soviets remember it, but the Americans have forgotten it: *When arms equalize, stratagems prevail.*

The Propaganda War

The stratagem of today is propaganda, and the Soviets have raised this once secondary principle of war to a first rank in their panoply. Using a half-million agents throughout the world, spending $2 billion a year, they systematically and unremittingly press us with *words*—whispering or thundering, exciting or soporific, direct or devious, sophisticated or intoxicated, and all-pervasive; and also with *organization*—infiltration, subversion, manipulation of minds and hearts and committees. And the whole enormous effort is dramatized by slander, puffed up by demagogy, and advertised by riots.

How successful the Soviet propaganda war has been, and how misdirected the American missile effort has been, is proven by the record: *Not one single position of the West has been lost for America's lack of missiles; every loss has followed a failure of American will.* James Burnham has said it: while all the eyes, thoughts, and pockets of America are concentrating on megatons and supertechniques, the armaments with which the Communists are winning the war are rifles, knives, arrows, and magic spells.

Eisenhower was barred from Japan not by Soviet missiles but by a mob of dragon-dancing students in the streets of Tokyo. While the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization was counting its missiles, half of Laos was seized by Communists playing on local vanity and anti-American slogans. Iraq, integrated into the costly Western coalition of the Baghdad Treaty, slipped instead into the Soviet sphere as a result of a small-calibre internal *coup d'état*. Indonesia, Guinea, Ghana, Egypt, Mali, are becoming Soviet relay stations, thanks to the work of a handful of cadres trained at small expense in the Communist method. The Western world thought it had resolved the crisis in the Congo when the UN prevented Soviet tanks from striking across the border. But the Soviets never intended to use the tanks. Why should the Soviets fight the UN when the UN serves their purpose?

In Cuba, almost in the shadow of America's great missile bases, the Soviets have taken root and started growing after a pure and classical political penetration. America never fired a missile. America even called off her helicopters.

Tomorrow the government of Panama will fall—probably into the hands of a Panamanian National United Liberating Front Against Yankee Imperialism and For the Restoration of Maya Greatness—a front constructed of seventy students, sixty professors, forty lawyers, thirty journalists,

twenty sergeants, and ten dockworkers, all duly crystallized around five Communist agents. The cost to Moscow: a million rubles. The cost to America: a hundred million dollar arsenal that was never used, the loss of the Canal, and the beginning of the end.

If, instead of inventing three more missiles, America would spend that amount of money in counter-political warfare, the world situation would be turned upside down in a few years. And America would enjoy a security far greater than that to be secured by inventing three more missiles. The amount spent on military protection of Panama is, of course, necessary. But all of this protection will be destroyed if America is not ready to spend an additional amount to allow solid anti-Communists to publish leaflets and form anti-Soviet committees in Panama. This additional amount need be no more than one per cent of the military expense; but without this one per cent the full 100 per cent will surely be lost.

All in the Shield

The most serious feature of America's Mars Neurosis is that it is not martial. It concerns only weapons, not souls. In times past, he who furbished his sword prepared his heart to fight. Not so in America, where the Mars Neurosis is superimposed on a visceral hungering after peace. In itself the impulse is laudable, but today it expresses itself in America's manic refusal to assert her rights in foreign countries, and therefore it is manifestly at variance with the missile fever. All in the shield and nothing in the will.

The French know all about this. They built a Maginot Line so they wouldn't have to think about Hitler. But Hitler simply turned through Belgium and let the Maginot Line fall to ruins behind him as he marched on Paris. The modern American Missile-Maginot Line will be turned when enough defeatist poison has seeped into enough American minds.

What makes the missile defense even more dangerous than the Maginot defense is the cost. The Maginot Line was intended as a single defensive weapon to withstand all aggressive weapons. But the American missile defense involves inventing new weapons to counter each innovation of the enemy. The cost of such a defense is infinitely greater than the cost of the Soviet offense. For the defender must respond to the whole spectrum of weaponry, while his assailant may tune his attack on the single wave length of his choice. If America pursues her present course of defense, it will soon eat up her wealth and creative spirit; and she still will not have defended herself.

Not a single ally of the United States questions the wisdom of being an ally on the grounds that her missile defense is weak. On the contrary, the ally wonders whether America, despite her enormous arsenal, really stands for world resistance to Communism. And this doubt is nourished by America's Mars Neurosis, which sends her missile fever up and weakens her ability to wage political warfare. A clear NO to a petty Soviet agent like Lumumba would have done immeasurably more to gather America's allies around her than ten more ICBMs.

But America goes on building Titans. Does she think that the Titan, any more than the *Titanic*, is invincible?

THIRD WORLD WAR

(Continued from p. 412)

north of where he will otherwise be, and meanwhile protecting Thailand and Vietnam. We Chinese have trained units of what you call 'Special Forces,' well adapted to the kind of operation that is necessary. We are not members of SEATO, but we would be ready to throw these into the action as soon as your government releases us from the obligations that it has imposed, and gives us the word. The Philippine and Thai governments are also ready, within the limits of their capabilities.

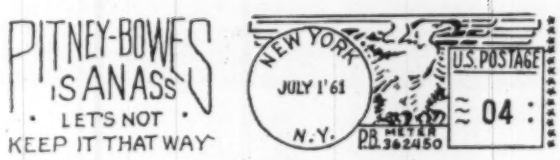
"It is strategically absurd to say, 'We cannot defend Laos, but we will now undertake to defend Thailand and Vietnam.' The defense of Thailand and Vietnam under the given circumstances is properly located precisely in Laos."

A Thai publisher and diplomat, member of one of Thailand's leading and most active families:

"We have the best army in Southeast Asia (I exclude reference to the Nationalist Chinese). That is, we might last three hours against the Chinese. For the others, it would be at most half an hour. Still, we are ready to fight in Laos. (Marshal Sarit, our military, most of our leaders, I mean: our people have enough to eat and are generally indifferent, especially because they think the difference between governments is only in the individuals you pay graft to; and some of our leaders—so far, in private, of course—are beginning to think that the Communists are surely going to win, so maybe the first ones aboard may get better treatment.) The Vietnamese are also willing—though they are already pretty well bogged down with the internal operation—and the Filipinos; and the Taiwan Chinese, if you let them. We could put on a fairly good show, given logistic and some air support from you, and a stiffening of your people. But even though your direct involvement could probably be kept modest, your commitment would have to be all-out. Otherwise, the Chinese—250,000 of their troops are near the Laotian border right now—would plunge in and smother us. They might anyway, of course, and you would have to be ready to counter by something more than restricted local activities.

"And by the way, what is this Peace Corps that your Sargent Shriver was telling us about? A rather ironic name, at the moment. If it will please your President, naturally we will accept as many of these young people as you ask us to. But what will they be able to do here? Because they can speak English does not mean they can teach English—and our English teachers are quite good. Our medical schools are not too bad, either, except that we cannot get our doctors to leave Bangkok for the villages. Will there be doctors in your Peace Corps to send to our villages in the northeast, where the Communists have now entered? It worries me that these children may get into lots of personal trouble. It is inevitable that some of them, maybe many, will succumb to the temptations and seductions in this country, which are beyond the imagining of your countrymen. What will happen then, when the mothers learn this, and complain to Mrs. Kennedy?"

Pitney-Bowes Objects



JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

It all started, in one sense, a very long time ago. The delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1787 were emerging from their hall in Philadelphia, their work at last complete, when a lady drew Mr. Franklin to one side.

"Well, doctor," she asked, "what do we have—a republic or a monarchy?"

"A republic, madame," replied the venerable Franklin, "if you can keep it."

The good doctor spoke with truth and prophecy. The final section of Article IV undertook to guarantee to each state a *republican* form of government; in time the Congress would adopt a pledge of allegiance to the flag "and to the *republic* for which it stands." Such founding fathers as Madison went to great pains to emphasize that the new Union comprised a republic, though he was vexed "at the extreme inaccuracy with which the term had been used in political disquisitions." By "republic," Mr. Madison meant a government "which derives all its powers directly or indirectly from the great body of the people, and is administered by persons holding their offices during pleasure, for a limited period, or during good behavior." Madison added, in *The Federalist 39*, that the proposed new government "in the most rigid sense" conforms to that definition.

So the Constitution was ratified, and years passed, and wars were waged, and pledges were recited, but little by little the original concept of a republic began to slip away. A great many officials of the central government, wielding vast powers over the people, seemed hardly responsible to the people at all. Moreover, a tendency grew toward adoration of that mystic being described by John Randolph as King Numbers, and the protections afforded minorities by the processes of representative government (which is to say, republican government) seemed to get weaker right along.

And it came to pass that a group of men, alarmed at these tendencies, adopted a certain slogan, to wit: "Ours is a republic, not a democracy. Let's keep it that way." A certain society, which shall be nameless,* began to propound this slogan, and by the patient arts of repetition, to impress upon an indifferent public the novel idea that the American republic should be preserved.

The Die Is Cast

Now, to make a second beginning on this chronology of our times, one of the members of this nameless society,* Mr. A. G. Heinsohn Jr., of Sevierville, Tenn., happened to head the Cherokee Textile Mills; and the Cherokee Textile Mills, to creep a little nearer the point of all this, happened to use in its mailing room a Pitney-Bowes postal meter, No. 175412. For a modest fee, the Pitney-Bowes people will prepare for their clients a small die, or cachet, to be inserted in the machine. Such plates imprint a little message, located a discreet thirteen-sixteenth of an inch from the postmark itself. U.S. Steel has a plate that reads, "Steel lightens your work, brightens your home, widens your world." The British Information Services adds a cachet to its mail: "You Get a Wonderful Welcome in Britain," together with a drawing of a Beefeater holding what appears to be a pitchfork.

Such appeals to sordid profit held no charm for Mr. Heinsohn. He wanted to sell a nobler cause. So he ordered from Pitney-Bowes an imprint for the Cherokee Mills that echoed Dr. Franklin's famous phrase. "Ours is a Republic," it read, "not a democracy. Let's keep it that way." The printing plate arrived, the mail went out, and the customers and correspondents of Cherokee Mills, if they happened to look closely at their envelopes, got the good word.

These events occurred some months ago. The record is not clear. But in any event, to begin once more, on April 14, 1961, the *New York Times* stumbled upon this patriotic exhortation, and blinked, and read the message, moving its lips at the hard words, and wondered editorially what in the world could be meant thereby. The longer the *Times* pondered, the more subversive the whole thing appeared. Republic? Not a democracy? Was it fit to print? The subsequent editorial makes almost as much sense, read backwards, as it makes straightaway, but the long and the short of it was that the *Times* objected to the very idea.

At this point, the story picks up some speed. The Post Office Department in Washington, terrified at the thought of displeasing the *New York Times*, dashed off a letter to the Pitney-Bowes people in Stamford, Conn.

The department's regulation is that slogans appearing on metered mail must not be "objectionable or misleading." They must contain nothing "of a political or ideological nature." Plainly (or perhaps not so plainly), an assertion that "ours is a Republic, not a democracy," coupled with an appeal to "keep it that way," was objectionable, misleading, political, ideological, and not to be sanctioned. So the department asked Pitney-Bowes to arrange for discontinuance of the slogan.

In the nature of things, the depart-

* It was the J—— B—— Society.

ment's word is Pitney-Bowes' command. Instantly a letter went off to Mr. U. D. Vineyard, branch manager in Knoxville, and on April 21 Mr. Vineyard wrote the Cherokee Mills. The slogan, he said, "has become strongly identified with a controversial and partisan political issue, and it is apparent we made a mistake in permitting this slogan to be made." The slogan, he added, flatly, "is objectionable and must be returned to us."

That was on a Friday. On Monday, the 24th, a P-B service manager attempted to pick up the offending plate, only to be told that the redoubtable Mr. Heinsohn refused to give it up. Mr. Vineyard, the Knoxville man, fired off a second hot letter. Continued use of the plate, he said, breathing heavily, "is now unauthorized by us." It constitutes a breach of contract. Our representative has been instructed "to repossess our meter and remove it from your premises, leaving the plate which we mistakenly sold you in your possession." Mr. Vineyard regretted the action, "but we cannot permit the use on our meter of any plates carrying editorial, political or ideological messages of a controversial nature."

A Lesson in History

Mr, Heinsohn would not be moved. In a bristling letter on the 25th, he undertook to educate Mr. Vineyard in American history, which lesson was perhaps not fully appreciated, and demanded to know what had made the slogan controversial? Who determines that question? Is a true slogan controversial because of its use or its truth? Mr. Heinsohn also questioned whether Pitney-Bowes had a right of censorship "which enables you to cancel a contract if *you* do not approve, or change your mind, about a slogan."

By this time, the *New York Post* was on to the story, and on May 1 the *Richmond News Leader* gave vent to some whoops and hollers and unseemly jeers. On or about May 4, the scene shifted to Stamford, and to Mr. W. H. Wheeler Jr., chairman of the Pitney-Bowes board. He telephoned Mr. Heinsohn in Sevierville, as one reasonable man to another, and found Mr. Heinsohn unreasonable. He sought "to explain personally our position which I do feel has been greatly misunderstood—although," he added feelingly, "it is quite easy to understand why." On the 9th, Mr. Wheeler wrote Mr. Heinsohn to say he was sure, in retrospect, "we moved too precipitously in this matter, due in no small measure to my being out of the country." But he still wanted the plate returned. It was controversial, and "the top of an envelope printed by postage meters in the same ink alongside of an official postage meter stamp, is simply not the appropriate place for politically controversial messages." Mr. Wheeler sent along a statement explaining that such a practice is misleading and confusing because the Post Office Department itself carries slogans from time to time in its own postmarks. He feared that "government censorship" might be imposed if Pitney-Bowes did not reserve the right to approve all slogans used in its meters. "We in no wise are governed by our own opinion as to what is good or bad," said the company statement. "We merely seek to recognize the existing status—that the subject matter is, or is not, politically controversial." And in the case in question, "When we discovered that the slogan itself was controversial to the extent that the *New York Times* ran an editorial on April 14 expressing the opposite point of view, and when recent extensive publicity made it evident that the slogan was, in effect, the banner of an organization concerning which there was rather bitter public and political controversy, we immediately sought its discontinuance in line with our policy."

On May 12, Mr. Heinsohn wrote Mr. Wheeler: "The answer is still NO!" He said his mill had no intention of returning the meter plate. In fact, he remarked cheerfully, "we like this statement of fact so much that we are imprinting it on our invoices and bills of lading."

On May 16, Mr. Wheeler wrote Mr. Heinsohn: "I have yours of May 12. You're a difficult man, but I believe a reasonable and fair one." Two pages, single-spaced, followed.

On May 24, Mr. Heinsohn wrote Mr. Wheeler: "The time has come to call a halt to this senseless ring-around-the-rosy. Your phone calls and your letters cause us to be more determined than ever to continue using the postage meter plate you made for us. . . . In our humble opinion a statement of historic fact does not become 'politically controversial' because the *New York Times*, or the *Daily Worker*, or *Pravda* so decrees. Your pompous statement, 'This is in all cases determined by the attitude of the public—not ourselves' is contradictory, since you presume to determine what the public thinks." And Mr. Heinsohn concluded with a sterling promise to use the plate "until you, or the Post Office, or the *New York Times*, or Khrushchev or someone stops us by court order."

On May 31, Mr. Wheeler proposed a compromise. He suggested that the plate carry an additional line at the top: "Advertisement by Mailer." That he would sanction. Mr. Heinsohn's response is not at hand, but presumably the gentleman will remind Mr. Wheeler that the original plate already carries in small letters at the bottom "Cherokee Textile Mills," thus making it evident that the slogan is an "advertisement by mailer."

This is the saga of Pitney-Bowes and where it stops, nobody knows. Meanwhile, the United States Post Office itself is using a cancellation that reads, "Pray for Peace," a slogan that (to borrow from a letter from Postmaster General Day) doubtless may be "objectionable to some users of the mail." What could be more controversial, after all, than the efficacy, or indeed the practice, of prayer? But there it is.

"A republic, madame," said the venerable Franklin, "if you can keep it." And thereafter he founded the United States Post Office, and became the first in a line of postmasters-general leading to J. Edward Day, whose abhorrence of controversy is so great that he dast not risk offending any man by permitting a postal imprint so objectionable as this one. Ours is indeed a republic, but reading the record here, one wonders how long we will "keep it that way."

To Sum It Up

A Summit, failing to impede
a fast ascending farce, becomes
the height of man's deliriums.
It spirals much to serve no need.

ED MURRAY

It's All Quite Simple

Our pundits tell us: the West and America (by association) have played a wicked, wicked role in Africa and Asia and must therefore get out even if it means the Communists get in.

J. D. FUTCH

On one of the opening days of the recent Asian-African Conference in Bandung, I was strolling along the sidewalk down one side of the conference hall—legitimately, since I was wearing a press badge and this section of the city was in bounds for journalists. It was not a busy hour; except for two armed Indonesian policemen, I had virtually the whole block to myself. Suddenly one of the guards began gesturing peremptorily and barking directions at me in Indonesian. I stood still, uncomprehending, uneasily eyeing a tommy-gun which seemed aimed at my stomach. He gestured again, even more emphatically.

Suddenly I understood and scuttled off the sidewalk onto the street. About six feet behind me walked the minor members of an Asian delegation. The policeman was simply ordering me to move onto the street and leave the entire expanse of sidewalk to the two Asians.

This trivial incident gave me pleasure as a sign of the times, a symbol of the radical revolution which has taken place in relation of the white man and the brown in Asia. . . .

PEGGY DURDIN, in the *New York Times* Magazine, June 5, 1955

Now one man's meat is another man's poison. It happens that Mrs. Durdin took pleasure in this symbolic incident, while it is recorded that in somewhat analogous circumstances "was King Belshazzar troubled and his countenance was changed in him."

Our misfortune is that Mrs. Durdin's curious reaction to an event whose import she fully grasped, is not her own alone. She writes as one of the many very articulate—and noisy—Westerners who take an unhealthy delight in telling us that our day in the world is finished. Let the justice and vengeance of history be done, they cry. Europe and America need not, ought not, and above all cannot last in Asia and Africa. Behind the running jeremiad a number of assumptions can be distinguished:

1. The West, after the Thirty Years' War of 1914-1945, has no longer the political and military power to remain in the black and yellow continents.

2. The West has no "moral" right to be there anyway, because . . .

3. Civilization having no priority over barbarism, the barbarians possess the right to self-determination and self-government along with the best of us; not only this,

4. The barbarians have not only the right but also and indubitably the capacity to govern themselves, because the "moral evolution" of the twentieth century has lifted this point out of the realm of debate and made it dogma; moreover,

5. Western imperialism having violated the integrity and the rights of the savage and heathen worlds, Europe and America by way of atonement are obliged to assist and indeed promote the rebirth of independence and the establishment of (naturally, "guided") democracy in the wildwood;[1] but

6. Given "what we have done to them," we cannot expect the emancipated peoples to be other than neutral, if not downright hostile, towards us in our Cold War struggle with the Soviets; a faint hope remains, though, for

7. We may earn their esteem by shaking ourselves free of ancient error, *viz.*, in never dreaming of restoring white dominion in the dusky world and by rebuilding our society at home—levelling it socially, economically, politically—so that it may awaken the admiration of Africa and Asia; for after all

8. Rousseau was right in a sense: we are the corrupt, and the noble savage turns out to be not an eighteenth-century myth, but Lumumba . . . or something like that.

Kremlin Line Followed

Now, with its dream-world rationale, this sequence finds a point-by-point counterpart in the Kremlin program which since World War II has shifted the cockpit of East-West conflict from the twilight zone in central Europe where Russia meets the West, to continents and a hemisphere where two decades ago Euro-American power was unquestioned and Russian encroachment hardly even a theoretic possibility:

1. Imperialist and capitalist wars in the West have left the former Great Powers in political and military collapse. Unable to compete with Soviet science in the New Frontier in space, neither are they in a posi-

1. The extent to which the West has historically been on the defensive *vis-à-vis* "the world," far from the reverse, as claimed by Arnold J. Toynbee and the sackcloth and ashes school, is the theme of the able essay of Douglas Jerrold, *The Lie About the West*, published several years ago in rebuttal to Toynbee's *The World and the West*.

tion to maintain their old imperial holdings.

2. Russia's requirement for a Western pullout from the colonial world is translated into a moral imperative, binding on the old colonizing powers. And since U.S. and European policy-makers — writers and statesmen — have made the mistake of taking seriously an approach to diplomacy intended forty years ago to give a veneer of moral inspiration to the objectives of power politics, these supposed imperatives have begun to carry great weight not intrinsically theirs.

3. Of Wilsonian origin, the principle of self-determination for all national groups was to have been applied to "oppressed" nationalities in pre-1918 Europe. (Most of these have since learned what oppression *really* is.) The misgivings with which Old World statesmen regarded this article of what Mencken called the Woodrovian buncombe have been entirely justified in the startling use to which jungle and desert Masaryks have put the principle in recent years. Still more, in the Soviet followup of it.

4. Precisely the fact that bushmen have no capacity to govern themselves in their independence or freedom as we know the terms, spurs Kremlin efforts to push the West out of the bush and create there a chaos and a vacuum which Russian power might fill.

5. Several Kremlin purposes can be served by persuading the West that morally it owes a debt to the "underdeveloped" (formerly the "backward") and lately "exploited" countries. First, the imagined moral obligation is readily translatable into cash terms. For the United States this means a substantial and rising outlay of government money and services and thus an additional pressure upon the weakest point of the American economic (and ultimately political) structure: the budget, debt and currency.

Second, payment of the "moral" recompense Europe and America allegedly owe their former subjects entails the industrial, technological, and agricultural development of "strange lands and friendly peoples" in such wise that we sow where only the Soviets mean to reap.

Third, committing ourselves to the launching of "democratic" regimes in ex-colonies and protectorates, we create the political conditions at once least favorable to our continuing backstage influence there and most likely to hasten subversion of the new governments by Moscow.

6. The West once convinced that the successor states to its former empires can hardly accord it more than disdainful neutrality, the emergent leaders in those lands find themselves relieved of any serious Western pressure to commit themselves to its side in the Cold War. This promptly eliminates the chief potential obstacle to accords between the Moscow-Peiping governments and the usually Marxist-oriented Afrasian regimes.

No Place for 'Imperialists'

7. The hope of restoring Western power in the old colonial areas has been made the touchstone of reaction. Political writers and statesmen on either side of the Atlantic outdo one another in swearing that "them days are gone forever." Result: greater assurance for the Soviets and their allies that they can work in the liberated areas undisturbed by the "imperialists." American and European efforts to arrest the progress of Red policy in Afrasia—or in the Caribbean—are discouraged lest they be construed as designs on the liberty and aspirations of rising young democracies. The image of these shadowy new states looms also on the horizon of domestic politics in the United States, for if one of the stock phrases of American foreign policy discourse has become, "We *can't* send Marines down there nowadays" or "We *can't* risk unilateral armed intervention nowadays," then another, in political argument at home is, "What will ——— think?" (Fill in the blank: Nehru, Sukarno, Nkrumah, Nasser, the FLN, Kasavubu, and maybe Mao Tse-tung.)

8. At the Rome congress, a year or so ago, of African and European intellectuals (in that order), the world was treated to the spectacle of the Western representatives, led by Mauriac, proclaiming the spiritual and ethical priority of Africa over Europe. Extravagant—grotesque—but not droll. This new adaptation of an idea not rooted but flowering in the eighteenth century's intellectual revolution against Western civilization itself, completes the Kremlin's claims of the decay of Liberalism and capitalism in the West. Our own spokesmen offer the final confession of moral and spiritual collapse.

Harvard Speaks

Sing a song of sixpence
With a Harvard "A."
Castro isn't nasty;
He's just gone astray.
Please don't rattle sabers—
Put that pistol down!
Castro isn't Commie;
Castro's just a clown.
He's a tough reformer
With a "harder" sell;
Don't be mean to Cuba—
Don't abuse Fidel.
When the clouds look stormy,
And you're feeling blue,
Put your faith in Harvard,
And the *Crimson*, too.
Harvard knows the score, Jack;
Harvard's rating's high
As that hoary goody:
The pie that's in the sky.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Theater: A Weapon of War

Why is it that today's great theater workshops are produced, directed, written and acted by people of the hard Left? A diagnosis of the situation—and a suggested cure.

KENNETH SHOREY

We in America, it appears, tend to regard the contemporary manifestation of "theater" as an anachronistic phenomenon; charming and pretty perhaps, but definitely in a class with the sedan-chair and three-masted schooner. Didn't "theater" go out with the waltz?

We have come to the theater for refreshment, in search of ourselves, and have been disappointed. We have concluded, not without some justification, that the American theater, having lost faith in the spirit of Man, is tedious—and often rather disgusting. The highly-organized commercial theater is virtually bankrupt as an expression of our culture. The inherent characteristics of modern society—its degradation of religion, its denial of art—have robbed modern audiences and artists alike of any ennobling idea of Theater. "The twentieth century has given us mainly the dramaturgy of pathology and sex, obscenity and human wretchedness," observes Pitirim Sorokin in *The Crisis of Our Age*. "In an atmosphere of moral nihilism, obscene plays can sometimes be produced with great effect, as a means of discrediting and undermining traditional values. They are a societal and cultural poison masquerading as 'entertainment.' Twentieth-century man, stripped of all inhibitions, finds himself shortly in the midst of mental and moral chaos. The distinctions between true and false, right and wrong, beautiful and ugly, positive and negative have been obliterated." The decay of a universal system of values and a traditional way of life has deprived the theater of its homogenous and representative public, and of its formerly accepted conventions for mirroring a shared human experience basic to those theaters of the past which might otherwise have been taken for an ideal today. Artistic and social unity, which has always been the central demand of the unique, primitive, elemental and enduring art of the theater, is not possible in the midst of our industrialized mass society.

Friedrich Schiller, in his essay on "The Stage as a Moral Institution" asked:

> By what channel does the stage operate? To most men, religion vanishes with the loss of her symbols, images and problems; and yet they are only pictures of the imagination, and insolvable problems. Both laws and religion are strengthened by a union with the stage, where virtue and vice, joy and sorrow, are thoroughly displayed in a truthful and popular way; where a variety of providential problems are solved; where all secrets are unmasked, all artifice ends, and truth alone is the judge, as incorruptible as Rhadamanthus. [The stage] is a great school of practical wisdom, a guide for civil life, and a key to the mind in all its sinuosities. The uncertain nature of political events, rendering religion a necessity, also demands the stage as a moral force.

The late Josef Stalin's attitude toward the theater was somewhat less humane: "It is a weapon of war," he said.

The 'Intellectual Proletariat'

The world of today, Professor Wilhelm Roepke points out, is filled with artists, writers and scholars who know nothing of sociological or political matters but yet who wield an authority acquired in a quite different field and passionately subscribe to this or that form of socialism. He describes them as "members of the intellectual proletariat." Not content with being artists, they yearn to perform in the arena of practical politics, leading the multitude.

Among them, just at present, we find many prominent theater workers: Charles Marowitz, for example, who deplores the Spanish predilection for the works of Calderon, Lope de Vega and Cervantes over Beckett, Miller, Osborne, Williams and Company; Kenneth Tynan, apparently more concerned for Cuban-American politics than for the artlessness of Broadway; Brendan Behan, who feels qualified to give advice to de Gaulle in respect to the Algerian problem: Harold Clurman, trooping over the face of America beating the Brechtian drum . . . and of course, Chang Tung-chuan, artistic director of the Peking Opera Company.

Both the Peking Opera Company and the late Bertolt Brecht's Berliner Ensemble swear allegiance to Communist governments and thrive on socialist support. Similarly, the Theater Workshop company in London, the Unity (producing such masterpieces of World Drama as *The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists*, *What's Left?* and *Nekrassov*) and Workshop Productions in Toronto, described by critic Mavor Moore as the furthest off of all the off-Broadway theaters, receiving excellent critical notices for two such epic works as *Burlap Bags* and *Hey, Rube!*, are acclaimed by the Left. Joan Littlewood, director of the Theater Workshop company, claims to know nothing of politics, while in the meantime continuing to exert her influence on the political climate of opinion. Few people in the theater today doubt that Miss Littlewood is one of the most brilliant directors now working in Europe. Anyone having seen *The Hostage* or *A Taste of Honey* or *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be* cannot help but admire her genius for making vulgarity palatable. And yet, herein lies a paradox.

The history of the theater, at a glance, will prove conclusively that the greatest plays have been written for specific companies of players. A play cannot be written in a vacuum in the way that a novel or a symphony can be. Until a permanent theater *company* is established, nay, until many permanent theater *companies* have been established across America, great playwrights will not be forthcoming.

Theater of the Left

If there is any shred of truth in the statement that "the devil has all the best tunes," the evidence now clearly indicates that today the socialists have all the best theaters. Miss Littlewood's Theater Workshop is one of them; Workshop Productions is another; the Berliner Ensemble another, and yet again, Jean Vilar's *Théâtre National Populaire* in France.

Where are the conservatives? (I refer to the philosophic, rather than the party-political variety.) Can any be found in the land of the living to support a permanent theater company?

A didactic play, (even a Republican one) cannot be a work of art, but a play wherein the moral remains implicit *can* be.

A Beethoven symphony is a highly *moral* piece of work, in the sense in which Schiller used the word, and when our would-be playwrights have come to understand why that is so, we can look to find great dramaturgy in America.

"Every major form of literary art has taken for its deeper themes the norms of human nature," writes Russell Kirk. "Until very recent years, men took it for granted that literature existed to form the normative consciousness—that is, to teach human beings their true nature, their dignity and rightful place in the scheme of things." So it was, certainly, in first Elizabethan times, and might be again this century. Only in the great period of Elizabeth I and the early years of James I has the English-speaking theater achieved a truly flexible dynamic. This dynamic has been lost . . . and yet at one time a certain compelling motivation provided the world with the greatest dramatic literature of all time, and made *possible* the work of Marlowe, Shakespeare, Jonson, Marston, Middleton and many others, the body of whose output remains the heritage of a theater second to none in the world.

Theophilus Lewis, writing in *The Catholic World*, maintained that the majority of new plays produced in more than two decades of this century were written by a single author —Sigmund Freud. When we look closely at Broadway, it is not such an absurd remark after all. Ibsen and Chekhov represent the fulfillment of the naturalistic theater right enough. There is nothing beyond. A post-Freudian drama is the vulgarization of a procedure intended for the clinic, and is no more valid in art than the public performance of a surgical operation. "Theater" is not a detached consideration of a fictional case-history. At several removes it is psychology-in-operation, and something

for the psychologists themselves to think about! Of course, it would be foolish and purposeless to give archaeological representation to the Elizabethans today! But we might commit ourselves to the task of recreating the atmosphere and spirit in which those companies worked, in order to stimulate to new invention our present-day authors; to encourage them to *wright* for a specific theater company . . . to move away from the subjective, psychological forms and to learn how to externalize and make objective modern themes for the benefit of a contemporary audience. The accent today is misplaced. We speak of *writers* in the theater, when we desperately require *wrighters*. Such play-*wrights* are few and far between. Henri Gheon was one of them, and Brendan Behan in *form* (though not in content) is another. Since the death of Shakespeare and Jonson, the contributions to the body of the world's great dramaturgy have been pitifully small. *Christmas in the Market Place, Noah, Macbeth, Peer Gynt, Brand, Volpone, Everyman*: these are the works before and after Shakespeare which conservative playwrights would do well to study.

If there is to be any justification for theater at all, it must be on the grounds that it remains a channel for more abundant life, in a creative sense, to come into the world. Otherwise it is a toy, or a weapon of war, which the mature will ultimately despise, if they don't already. Great theater bestows upon mankind a sense of identity and perspective. As with many other forms of art it is able to answer a fundamental human need. The "occasion" of theater is a solace . . . a nightly reordering of chaos . . . a gathering together in the fervent hope that a humane society will benefit by means of a very real spiritual communion. As a means of communication, the theater is still capable of development, and of fulfilling a function not possible by any other means, including radio, television or films. But in so doing, in striving to *exceed* the events of this century, it must not be allowed to become the "weapon of war" that the Bolshoi Ballet was for Stalin. The Littlewoods and Clurmans and Tynans might profit in pondering for a moment on Gordon Craig's sepulchral warning:

> I begin to see it now: to see that the poets, artists, and all kinds of craftsmen must be careful to avoid awakening a longing in the rest of the world for the arts—of which they know nothing, or just something. Be careful, because you possess a power which you must control if you are to prevent it from doing any harm to the world of people who are just as dear, good and jolly if left in ignorance of the arts, and all else. In my youth I had felt a powerful desire to share the pleasure of these arts with the whole world. Today I begin to see that it is now of little matter—and dangerous to the whole world.

The American theater need not remain a retreat for the abnormal, exploring a peculiarly detached world of pseudo-intellectuals and psychopathic morons. The answer and the task is to found a permanent theater company, set apart from the purely commercial producing units, as a nucleus around which a new movement in native drama may crystallize. A movement in the *right* direction.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Irresponsibility in Textbooks

In the last number of NATIONAL REVIEW, your servant mentioned that one Wesley E. Young, Assistant General Manager of the Education Division, Rand McNally & Company, wrote a letter to one Richard B. Kennan, secretary of a NEA clique miscalled "The Commission for the Defense of Democracy through Education." In this letter, dated August 25, 1960, Mr. Young declared that my review of a Rand McNally book was irresponsible. The trouble with his accusation was that he never had read my review; that the NEA Commission people never had read it, either; that, indeed, they could not have read it, for it had not yet been published; and even its subsequent publishers—America's Future, Inc.—had not seen this review, because I had just written it, and it had not yet reached them. (The review was published the following December.) How irresponsible can educationists and textbook publishers get?

Kirk

O would some Power give *me* the talent of refuting a review without ever having beheld it!

The textbook in question is a silly and inferior work: *Geography and World Affairs*, by Stephen B. Jones and Marion Fisher Murphy, published in 1957. I reviewed it severely, though not as harshly, perhaps, as I should have. But I dealt sternly with it upon grounds quite different from those that Mr. Young and the NEA hatchet-men expected. Here is what Mr. Young, in his letter to Mr. Kennan, said about my review:

"It has been called to my attention that the criticisms embodied in the review of this book stem from the amount of content which is devoted to the study of the Soviet Union.

"There are, in this book, 40 pages of a total of 354 pages of textual content which are devoted to a study of the Soviet Union. It is our thesis that an organized opposition should be understood rather than ignored," etc.

But the trouble with this is that nowhere in my review did I even refer to the amount of space devoted in this textbook to the Soviet Union. What some of my genuine criticisms were, I set down below.

So the interesting question arises, however did this rash Assistant General Manager, Education Division, get the notion that I was objecting to discussion of the Soviet Union? Did he set up a straw man, quite unscrupulously? Or did the NEA "Commission" invent a counterfeit review, and send it to Mr. Young, as one of their ingenious ways of Defending Democracy?

These embarrassing questions were raised by the subsequent publishers of my review, America's Future, Inc., in their newsletter of September 23; they were raised previously by Mr. John T. Flynn in his radio broadcast of September 18. The NEA bureaucrats have made no reply to these disclosures and protests.

Now copies of the full text of my *real* review can be obtained for twenty-five cents from America's Future, Inc., 542 Main Street, New Rochelle, N. Y. I set down only some extracts that will suggest how misconceived and shoddy a textbook *Geography and World Affairs* is. But the devoting of forty pages to Soviet Russia is not one of the book's vices.

In their foreword "To the Teacher," the authors of this textbook declare candidly enough that "an important part of our objectives is the development of socially desirable understandings and attitudes. Evaluating these intangibles is more difficult. *Geography and World Affairs* sets up a series of subjective tests as one means by which the student's personal and social reactions may be gauged. . . ."

In fact, indoctrination and conditioning are professed primary objectives of Dr. Jones and Mrs. Murphy; and the teacher is provided with tools to make sure that his charges have been adequately brainwashed.

As to just what category of students this book is intended to reach, the authors are somewhat evasive. "Any pupil with normal reading ability who has finished the intermediate grades should be able to read *Geography and World Affairs* without difficulty, they inform the teacher. Yes—and perhaps students with subnormal reading capacity, for the text is a drab prose, almost in words of one syllable, with clumsy gestures at chumminess. "Be Sure You Aren't Mixed Up" is the heading of one section in the "Workshops." By an exhaustive and exhausting oversimplification, the authors endeavor to make sure that even the dullest pupil will be immersed in their "socially desirable understandings and attitudes."

The pupil will not find in *Geography and World Affairs* much enlightenment concerning geographic location and geographic character. Eager to instill those "socially desirable attitudes," Jones and Murphy rush over the face of the world, thrusting upon the student superficial snatches of history, politics and economics, heavily interlarded with sermonizing. Scant space remains for hard facts about political geography. A competent treatise on political geography ought to say a great deal about historic frontiers, linguistic and racial minorities, conflicting territorial claims, and the like. Jones and Murphy altogether ignore such considerations, but they much prefer the woolly generalization to any clear details. Trieste and Transylvania, for instance, so long Debatable Lands, whose history and bounds ought to be a part of any discussion of European political geography, are not even mentioned in the index.

What say you, my masters? Does the NEA's "Commission for the Defense of Democracy through Education" deserve its name? Or ought we to call it "The Conspiracy for the Defense of Ignorance through Vilification"?

City of Man

LOUISE and DONALD COWAN

Inevitably, Lewis Mumford's new book, *The City in History,* has been hailed by reviewers as monumental. It is a monument, however, that rests on the shaky foundation of socialist idealism. Illumined by insights and replete with details, the work is nonetheless irresponsible in its use of historical scholarship, for all its appended fifty-five pages of bibliography.

Mr. Mumford has long used the image of the city as a focal point for his philosophy of culture. In some twenty books, through analyses of arts, technics, and style, he has explored various urban developments and, increasingly in recent times, has gone on to conjectures about the human condition and the possibility of human transformation. *The City in History* traces the evolution of corporate life from its first emergence in prehistoric times to what Mr. Mumford considers could well be its extinction in the modern Megalopolis. As warning he paraphrases his master Patrick Geddes, Scottish biologist, sociologist, and city planner: "Each civilization . . . begins with a living urban core, the polis, and ends in a common graveyard of dust and bones, a Necropolis, or city of the dead: fire-scorched ruins, shattered buildings, empty workshops, heaps of meaningless refuse, the population massacred or driven into slavery." It is plainly in hope of avoiding this catastrophe that Mr. Mumford writes; in hope of drawing a lesson from history he assembles his plentiful details and photographs.

***The City in History: Its Origins, Its Transformations, and Its Prospects,* by Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, $11.50**

What is the lesson Mr. Mumford draws from his survey of history centering around that constructed entity, the city? Within the city from its very origin he discerns that which undoes it and frustrates its human purposes: the citadel, symbol of tyrannical power, exerting its control over men by force and wealth. Though the fluid *polis* of Athens avoided this rigid structure at its core—indeed, as Mr. Mumford points out, the city of Sophocles and Socrates was built of human beings, not mere buildings—the Hellenistic city that supplanted it restored both wall and citadel. Continuing this process which Mr. Mumford calls "unbuilding," the great Rome, more than any other city up to its time, placed its faith in material rather than in "ethereal" components, with the result that the corporate life of its people became an ugly parasitism and the city a Patholopolis.

The unique contributions of the medieval city—its hospitals, foundling asylums, old age homes, sensible sanitation, craft guilds, and universities—Mr. Mumford considers to have sprung from its deeply communal life and its respect for manual labor. But, sadly, he must relinquish the medieval city, too—along with its religion—to the citadel. If a city is to become a Christianopolis, he explains, it must reject that first rigid structure upon which the ancient city was founded: power, wealth, authority. The medieval city would have had to give form to the vision presented, as he says, by St. Francis, Peter Waldo, William Langland, and, later, John Bunyan: the vision of the Heavenly City, the City of God.

It is "Lady Meed," the profit motive, the beginning of capitalism, that, according to Mr. Mumford, destroyed this medieval vision. In perhaps the most rewarding part of his book, he traces the slow erosion in European cities of living medieval qualities as they were replaced by baroque and finally "paleotechnic" elements. It remained for the nineteenth century, with its new philosophy of *laissez faire,* to show the worst violation of cities recorded by history. When the concrete market place expands into an abstract market and invades every realm of life, when the city becomes a means not for public benefit but for private profit, then, Mr. Mumford insists, "chaos has come again," and the city has lost its organic wholeness to become merely an overcrowded and vile dwelling-place for dehumanized inhabitants. And though tne twentieth century has seen technological improvements, he admits, they have not restored life to the city; indeed, they have added new problems, the most horrifying of which is the ever-present threat of nuclear extermination or, at least, pollution of the earth by fission products.

Nor can the move to the suburbs substitute for that dramatic, solemn life lived in the city, Mr. Mumford insists. Only by restoring to the city its sacred and maternal functions, by eliminating the "death wish" of nuclear experimentation, by turning over to the city itself rather than to private individuals its vital functions —in fact, only by expanding the city's culture into a world federation of cities—will man be on his way toward the creation of a decently human realm. Something of this sort is the lesson that history teaches Mr. Mumford.

But there are puzzling contradictions in his account. For one thing, after he has made clear that the course of city life has been steadily downward since medieval times, with mounting oppression by the wealthy and an increasing chasm between classes, he concludes some chapters later that "the negative institutions

that accompanied the rise of the city have for the last four centuries been falling into decay . . . the history of the last eight hundred years is the history of progressive equalization of classes. . . ." Accordingly, he writes, "we must now conceive the city . . . as an essential organ for expressing and actualizing the new human personality"—that of "One World Man." One supposes that Mr. Mumford feels the necessity of defending both a destructive and a creative process which must be undertaken immediately if civilization is to survive: he must show that history gives us a mandate both to build with the emerging, though hidden, forms of the future and to destroy the apparently dominant, though decadent, forms of that capitalism and military power which undermined the communal life of the city. This kind of *doublethink* vitiates the entire book.

The chief flaws in Mr. Mumford's book, however, stem from an inadequate image of man and a consequent

Lewis Mumford: ". . . doublethink . . ."

inadequate philosophy of history. Dependent upon such concepts as emergent evolution, the collective unconscious, the perfectibility of man, the group development of anxiety, frustration and aggression as reactions to growing emphasis upon private property, Mr. Mumford provides a dubious model for his theory of cities. Lacking an idea of Providence, he sees man, unaided, shaping history; lacking a true belief in being, he looks to man as the source of all meaning; lacking a concept of grace, he proposes that man take thought and add a cubit to his stature.

For all his castigation of Utopias, Mr. Mumford can give us as a philosophy of history nothing more stable than that *metastasis* against which Mr. Eric Voegelin warns us in Volume One of his *Order and History*: that desire to transform the actual nature of things, to change them away from their true essences. This metastatic thinking has resulted always in a Utopian or apocalyptic vision of a transfigured world. In the minds of the great prophets—an Isaiah or a Dostoevsky—the ideal shines through the actual and illuminates it. But in the mind of Mr. Mumford, one fears, the vision becomes that misleading and dangerous dream in which, by his own efforts toward the good life, man can turn the earthly city into the New Jerusalem.

Fiction

Human Beings Happening

PETER MELIK

A *Severed Head* is Iris Murdoch's fifth novel to date, and as it should be, it is an assured, lucent, often funny, always intelligent piece of work. I suppose it might be called a comedy of manners—with the understanding that the manners are entirely concerned with how people behave when they are in love, or at least when they desire the exclusive possession of an object which happens to be another human being. Most of it goes on in London, in elegantly appointed apartments, and the characters are all upper-middle-class offbeats—a Cambridge lady don, a psychoanalyst, a literary business executive, a sculptor, and so forth. A good deal of the time, there is an air of "musical chairs," and I saw one review which complained at the complicated plot. But given her intentions, I think Miss Murdoch handles it all with wonderful deftness and no more reader-confusion than Shakespeare risks in a play like *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. After all, there are six principals, three male and three female. This means a considerable number of possible combinations, and by the time things are wound up, Miss Murdoch has shown us how eight of them work out.

In the meantime, there is lots of talk. For all of these lovers are bright, articulate, and urgently inclined to parse their reasons why. Yet in the end, the effect of their story is to reveal how inconclusive all of their insights are, how impossible it is ever to know very much about love, and how wholly love amounts to what John Bayley calls "a condition of the personality, and vice versa," rather than anything which can be ideated and reduced to something quotable in *Bartlett's*.

In other words, *A Severed Head* does what every novel worthy of the name should do: it shows us some people in motion—making decisions, acting upon them, having ideas about them—and, implicitly, reminds us that the human creature is always more than the sum of any particular meanings that can be found in him. The truth as it can be expressed in an idea, and the truth as it is embodied in a happening human being are simply different in kind. No matter how subtle or spacious the idea, it is always smaller than, or containable in, the individual man who may use it to understand himself. It follows therefore that, insofar as we are creatures in time, the novel, the dramatic poem and the stage play are, in the right hands, means of expression of truths which are less doctrinaire—truer—than anything that can be put into ideated form. Freud, for instance, and a hundred others, have offered us very original ideas about human experience. But *Hamlet* lets us behold a man happening in a way that *includes* Freud's ideas, as well as any number of others.

A Severed Head, by Iris Murdoch. Viking, $3.95

The Characters of Love, by John Bayley. Basic Books, $6

Grossly simplified, this is the gist of John Bayley's *The Characters of Love*, as fresh and pertinent and unowlish a study of the literary art as

any I have read in years. A novelist, says Mr. Bayley,

> cannot show us what love is like, but his characters—and only his characters, not his insight, his sensitivity, his powers of analysis or his deployment of symbols—can create it for us in the reality of their separate and unique existence.

This *ought* to be too old-fashioned, too obvious, too commonsensical to have to be argued. Yet, as Mr. Bayley reminds us, in many modern novelists, the meanings are far more real than the characters, and truth is too often revealed in the form of Proust's theories, or Lawrence's visions, or Kafka's symbols, rather than in the form of unique human beings. Perhaps, he concludes,

> the idea of personality that I have been trying to describe has been left behind and will not be seen again: perhaps that would be no great cause for lamentation. But I cannot really believe it, for as long as human beings accept one another with love their artists will try to embody that love in the representation of men and women and of the external world.

And by way of showing how gloriously literature at its best has been able to do just this, he analyzes three of its noblest landmarks: Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, Shakespeare's *Othello*, and Henry James' *The Golden Bowl*. Nothing less than extended quotation could do justice to the zest of Mr. Bayley's spirit, and I can only say that he approaches each text with the same necessity to recognize human truth that made the author write it.

The greatest books may belong to the past, but those written by people whose lives on the earth are simultaneous with our own have a special importance, and I believe we owe it to ourselves to be selectively exposed. I therefore suggest that anyone planning six weeks on Block Island or an August in the Catskills this summer imagine that his favorite book club has chosen the above books for July distribution. They complement each other beautifully, and ought to make any reasonably willing vacationer not only a wiser but an abundantly entertained man. And since it may, in a few instances, provide an additional incentive, I'd like to add a detail which I discovered on Mr. Bayley's book jacket and which I myself find delightfully relevant: in their private lives, these two witty and winning authors are man and wife.

Heartland of Europe

BOHDAN CHUDOBA

THE modern state of Czechoslovakia, like its predecessor, the medieval kingdom of Bohemia, has never had much luck in English and American political literature. Influenced by the mutually antagonistic cultural and political trends in the country itself, American and English authors were already producing partisan studies and books in the pre-1914 days when Bohemia (together with its eastern province, Moravia) was still a part of the Danubian Empire of the Hapsburgs. After 1918, with the highly problematic creation of Czechoslovakia (a combination of Bohemia and Moravia with the northern, Slovak and Ruthenian, regions of Hungary), the partisan character of the literature devoted to the subject became even more predominant. In vain did one look for a sober, scholarly appreciation of the traditions and trends involved in the story of this most important "heartland of Europe."

***Czecho-Slovakia, A Critical History*, by Kurt Glaser. Caxton, $5.50**

One of the advantages of Kurt Glaser's new book, *Czecho-Slovakia, A Critical History*, is that it counterbalances Seton-Watson, S. Harrison Thomson, and the other Western admirers of Thomas Masaryk, the man who brought Czechoslovakia into being. Another of its positive accomplishments is its detailed and penetrating study of the developments since 1945, above all of the way in which the Communists gained the upper hand in Czechoslovakia. Certain aspects of this story would be portrayed somewhat differently by the present reviewer: he would have stressed the importance of the Soviet-inspired May 1938 mobilization of the Czech army and he would also be inclined to regard the happenings of July 1947 as more important than those of February 1948. But American readers—and students of American foreign policy in particular—will gain much from these chapters; and they will certainly also profit from the subsequent chapters, dealing with the challenge Czechoslovakia's present role presents for American policy, and with the American response. The astonishing story of Radio Free Europe—a station supported by American voluntary contributions and beaming into Czechoslovakia programs much approved by the Communist authorities—is well told and fully documented.

Wherever Dr. Glaser speaks of Communist penetration and strategy, he does so with authority. It is evident that he has devoted much assiduous study to the subject. But does he understand the core of the "Czechoslovak problem"? A considerable lack of information is evident in statements such as that which transforms Karel Kramár, Masaryk's fiercest political opponent, into "one of Masaryk's most influential supporters"; or that which brands the late Bishop Picha's anti-Communism as a "disposition to climb on the Nazi band-wagon." His knowledge of history and geography also seems insufficient; *e.g.*, George of Podiebrady certainly had nothing to do with the coming of the Hapsburgs to the Bohemian throne, and Masaryk's book *The Czech Question* is not identical

Charles Bridge, Prague

with his other work, *Our Present Crisis*, from which comes the quotation introduced on page 16; again, the name "Slovaks," as used in southern Moravia, has a figurative meaning, resembling that of "Dutch" in Pennsylvania. This lack is most evident when the author deals with the nationalist hatred between the Czech- and German-speaking inhabitants of Bohemia. Here the interpretation is rather one-sided: he goes so far as to declare Premysl, the legendary figure of Czech mythology, a German; and while ample space is devoted to the Czech persecutions of the Germans, almost nothing is said about the German persecutions of the Czechs.

Dr. Glaser's final conclusion is rather optimistic. He evidently believes that a Danube federation (which certainly is one of the possible solutions of the Central European puzzle) might encompass not only the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Austrians and the Hungarians, but also the Sudeten-Germans. But is it realistic to expect that the Sudeten-Germans, when their homeland is again returned to them, will be willing to forfeit their German citizenship, now of more than twenty years standing?

Who Will Bell the Cat?

JERZY HAUPTMANN

THOMAS MOLNAR, well-known to the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, adds fuel to the fiery fight between traditionalists and modernists in the field of education. His recent book *The Future of Education* not only provides interesting insights into the meaning of education, but also exposes the tacit assumptions which provide direction to educational modernism.

The Future of Education, by Thomas Molnar (with a foreword by Russell Kirk). Fleet, $3.95

Current educational philosophy operates in a moral vacuum. The values which permeated education in the past and which are evident especially in the ideas of liberal education, are being replaced by "education for living." Vocational training and social indoctrination replace values. The slogan "educating the whole man" in reality means teaching him to accept the ideas of society. If we contrast these goals with traditional education, the deviation becomes obvious. Values were central, culture was important, excellence was sought, contrast with society was evident, in the "halls of ivy."

Molnar shows very well what the change means. Education does not need to produce excellence, since full employment is an accepted goal. Preparation for living and for leisure in a mass society become central. Nowhere is this more evident than in the introduction of "majors" in recreation, which is especially concerned with techniques of leisure.

The reasons for this change are scattered through the book. Perhaps this scattering of the causes makes the reading more interesting, since one does not find all the answers nicely packaged, but discovers them through the process of an intellectual search in which Molnar is only a guide. Social change and the diminishing role of the family and of parental authority provide the social cause. Changed views of man provide the philosophical cause. The growing role of the ideologue in society provides the psychological cause. It is the ideologue who sets the course in motion. Molnar calls him a self-proclaimed scientist (better still, a self-proclaimed social scientist in the tradition of Karl Mannheim who thought that this "scientist" could safely guide society into the new age). Being interested in manipulating man, and especially in predicting his behavior and in controlling it, the ideologue likes to see man as a "small wheel in a big machine." He wants to make him predictable, that is, nothing more than a machine—as Professor Galbraith, quoted by Molnar, clearly implies. But a machine does not know values, a machine does not comprehend authority—outside of the stimuli provided by magnetic tape IBM cards

Books of Interest

The White Nile, by Alan Moorehead (Harper, $5.95). The story of the exploration and exploitation of Central Africa, and of the men who opened it up—men who could "not bear to look over the other side of the next hill."

The Earl of Louisiana, by A. J. Liebling (Simon & Schuster, $5.95). A first-rate profile of Earl Long, that tough, funny, most extravagant flower of American pragmatism. "What are you going to do now?" he once asked Leander Perez. "The Feds have got the atom bomb."

The Condition of Man, edited by Crane Brinton (Braziller, $7.50). Some sixty witnesses are subpoenaed from the first thirty centuries of humankind, to submit testimony on our communal why and wherefore, and the result is a sort of terrestrial gospel—God's revelation as men have had intimations of it.

Who Will Volunteer? by Lyle H. Munson (Bookmailer, $2). Memorable photographs of Quemoy, which capture the spirit and determination of those who live on this frontier post of freedom.

Doctors Wear Scarlet, by Simon Raven (Simon & Schuster, $3.95). Anglophobes had better beware, but anyone else will probably enjoy this very bland, very British *Dracula* in which a couple of Cambridge alumni are finally obliged to put a sharpened stake through the heart of one of their most promising confrères.

or other forms of data processing. And so values disappear.

This disappearance of values is central to Molnar's argument. The disappearance of values makes it possible to stress equality of men and equality of subject matter. Education becomes a levelling process devoid of any diversity. The ideologue is interested in this development, since it provides the proper atmosphere for planning. The independent mind upsets the calculations of planners and even questions planning itself. It is therefore essential—as the modern educationists see it—to change man, to "purge him of his inner life."

Molnar points out that various non-academic people (social workers, counselors, etc.) are more and more replacing the professor and the teacher in influencing youth. But even the value of the teaching personnel has diminished. Educated in teachers' colleges and indoctrinated by "objective" social science, the teacher and the counselor set the tone for the development of a mass society.

All this is not what education used to be. Molnar is at his best in discussing the traditional meaning of education, the traditional role of training the intellect and of training leaders for society. He sees education as a means to sustain a culture and as a means for social mobility.

WHERE do we go from here? Molnar's book raises the issue of leadership. How are the leaders of the future society educated? They come from institutions of higher learning which by and large subscribe to the modernist educational philosophies described by Molnar. Where do the teachers and professors of tomorrow come from? They come from the same kind of institutions. As a result of vocal criticism (especially since Sputnik), a reconsideration of parts of the educational system is under way. Foreign languages, at least for the time being, are fashionable, natural sciences get their share of attention, and the concern for "science" spreads even to some of the other fields. But who controls these changes? The same educational establishment which plunged us into the pit from which it now proposes to rescue us. Molnar's critical analysis shows the basis of the problem, and we have operated too long on this basis. He provides an excellent alternative in traditional education. What do we do now to restore it? There are enough scholars, professors and teachers who are concerned and interested in such a restoration, in a rescue operation from "life adjustment," "general education," "integrated curricula," "common learning," "learning by doing," "practice in communication," and all the educationists' concerns. Molnar tells vividly what can be done to place the intellect and culture and values as the central point again. Will it be done?

Records

Empress of the Blues

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

TO THE world of jazz, and to the Negro audiences which packed the vaudeville houses where she sang, she was just Bessie—the greatest blues singer to come out of the South. Bessie Smith was a big woman—two hundred and ten pounds of energy and muscle and temperament. When she was born will never be known and how she died, on a September night in 1937, has already become part of a mythology. Her roots were in Chattanooga, and it was not far from there that her life ended after an automobile crash which tore off an arm.

But, in a sense, she was already dead before her overwhelming heart stopped beating. Liquor had driven away the booking agents—and the Negro public which once bought her records by the millions had turned to other gods and other music. In her prime, she had earned $1,500 a week almost every week, but wild extravagance and wilder living had squandered it all. Perhaps she might have made a comeback in the swingtime of the 1930s, but this is doubtful. For Bessie Smith belonged to a golden era, when the music was rich and unrefined, the gesture large, and the ear of jazz still sensitive to the folk nuance.

Some of us saw Bessie last in 1936, at a Sunday jam session in the dark shadows of the old Famous Door on 52nd Street. But the years of failure, of singing in cheap nightclubs and dives, had left their mark on her and she blinked in bewilderment at the "serious" jazz students who regarded her as a museum piece. The idea of becoming the object of sociological interest bored Bessie. She loved the glitter of success—but barring this, Bessie preferred the gin and noise and earthy attention of the musical backstreets which still claimed her.

Yet nothing could erase from that hewn mahogany face the days of her glory. Sheathed in white satin and caught in the embrace of the big spot, she had given the splendid or vulgar songs of her people a passion beyond their simple content. In the recording studios, she had engraved them on one hundred and sixty pieces of wax. Backing her, the best jazz musicians of her time were lifted up to the mournful or brash fervor of Bessie's singing, and she responded in her turn. Tender or raucous, instrumental voice and vocal instrument had blended into an expression as deep and real as the sorrow songs which we call spirituals. The lusts and joys and heartbreak of a world which the white man seldom sees found their adumbration in these performances. Untutored she was—and in her gin, loud and violent—but she knew her worth and would not have it pawed by college boys in search of a fad.

Every work of art is part accident, but no artistic achievement is accidental. "Ma" Rainey, a blues singer close to the taproots, found Bessie. "Ma" heard the raw teenager sing and realized with sure intuition that here was something unique. Bessie could be taught phrasing and intonation, the notes to hold and those to throw away, when to ride with a tune and when to subvert it to her own purpose. But the voice was there, with all its overtones of pain and exaltation—a voice which could shake a theater in the days before microphones, or whisper its subtle message. The genius which reaches across the footlights, which transmutes the inert mass of an audience into a living participant, was always there. In 1923, Frank Walker of Columbia Rec-

ords heard Bessie Smith singing in an Alabama honky-tonk, recorded her, and made history. Her first record outsold everything in the catalogue—and until her decline she held that lead.

The history of jazz is the history of the phonograph record. In the late 1930s, those of us who loved the blues and loved Bessie spent hours and days in Salvation Army depots and the junk shops of Negro neighborhoods, shuffling through thousands of discarded discs in search of Bessie Smiths. Every one we found, however worn by repeated playing, was treasure-trove to be shown off to other *aficionados*—and a clean copy of one of the great ones was a status symbol. But we also listened to the records, in awe and nostalgia—learning anew at each sung phrase the meaning and the power of jazz.

The advent of the long-playing record has made that experience available to anyone who will hear. The best of the Bessie Smith records were lovingly gathered together on four LPs by George Avakian and dubbed by master engineers to bring out overtones which the old shellac discs lost. It is an amazing and priceless legacy: Bessie and Louis Armstrong adding a new dimension to *St. Louis Blues*, the warm-timbred cornet in counterpoint or filling in the breaks; Bessie and James P. Johnson, the intricate suspended rhythms and delicate beat of his piano making a duet of the plaintive *Backwater Blues;* Bessie and the now-forgotten Joe Smith, the quiet purity of his horn in moving commentary on her harsher threnody in *Weeping Willow Blues;* Bessie on her last recording date—with Jack Teagarden and Benny Goodman—rowdy and abrasive in her merciless evocation of Harlem rent parties, the everyday death of loveless love, the unquenchable spirit of a singer who knew she had fallen off the golden chariot.

The artistry goes beyond this. For Bessie could take a tune as uninspiredly Tin Pan Alley as *Alexander's Ragtime Band* or as vacuously suggestive as *Empty Bed Blues* and give it pertinency. *Nobody Knows You When You're Down An' Out* became as much an existentialist plaint as the superlative *Young Woman's Blues*. There was no one like her before, and there has been no one like her since. She was Bessie to the world of jazz, the Empress of the Blues—and so she will always be. Wherever she sang, she cried out her defiance of human condition and accepted its tragedy. When she died, something of music died with her, something of the great jazz tradition —and something of life.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ADRIENNE: *The Life of the Marquise de La Fayette*, by André Maurois (McGraw-Hill, $7.95). Whatever one may think of La Fayette himself—and at close range, he seems too pleased with his own role as George Washington's libertarian savior to be wholly attractive—it is hard not to be delighted with his wife. Married at fourteen, she promptly discovered in her fifteen-year-old bridegroom everything her life would need to put its powers of devotion to maximum use. She became wife, mother, best friend, discreet partner, and blind adorer all in one, and over the next 34 years, she saw her hero through celebrity, disgrace, prison and infidelity with superb resourcefulness. She even managed to die in his arms, and if a document ever proved that it is a greater privilege to love than be loved, it is La Fayette's own account of her blissful death.

P. MELIK

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY, by Irving Stone (Doubleday, $5.95). A long day's journey from the eminent Victorian *Life of Michelangelo* by John Addington Symonds to Irving Stone's *The Agony and the Ecstasy*. And of course it wouldn't be fair to dwell on this reflection, for nothing could be intentionally further from those stiff Ottocento "lifes" than the splashy, meringuey genre so popular today —the historical novel. Stone's reader will (or should) be jolted once or twice by the obtrusion of the twentieth century into Borgia and Medici Rome. "There was no equitable distribution of wealth, justice, learning, art." But the voice of the author's own canting time is easily lost in his vivid, and documented, picture of the rich, vigorous sixteenth century. The fierce Pope Julius II, warrior and art enthusiast, unlucky *Papa* Clement VII whom Michelangelo knew as "Cousin Giulio," and the *grande dame* of Farnese Rome's intelligentsia, Vittoria Colonna. These were the great names of the artist's world—these and Leonardo, Raphael, the Sangallos and Bramante. And those were the times, too, of new frontiers in the arts, philosophy, religion, statecraft, exploration, science. But for Michelangelo and his contemporaries always new frontiers without capital letters.

J. D. FUTCH

STOP PUSHING, by Dan Herr (Doubleday, $3.50). This book collects choice samples of the column of the same name which appears in *The Critic*. Mr. Herr affects the camaraderie in cynicism of a Mencken. He is famed for his witty insults (example: "this makes me heave"), for his courage in attacking the high and mighty (examples: conservatives, etiquette books), for his wisdom in discussing world problems (example: the way to solve the race problem is to campaign for intermarriage). Mr. Herr's ideas are not hard to take (since we are all used to taking them from every other Liberal commentator), but when it comes to wit and humor, he should follow his own title's advice.

W. ROMAN

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To the Editor

The Texas Election

Combined with the rather amusing howls of the Liberals that the recent senatorial election in Texas left their breed no place to go is the theory that the total vote in the election was so low as to be almost meaningless. I've taken the time to look up Texas' two most recent senatorial elections held in non-Presidential years, and they reveal that the vote cast in the May 7 balloting was, in fact, quite high percentagewise.

In 1954, Lyndon Johnson defeated his Republican opponent with a total vote cast of 633,450. Four years later, Ralph Yarborough was elected with a total turnout of 772,956. In each case, I count only the vote for the two major party candidates. This year, the total vote in Tower *vs.* Blakley was 886,016. This would seem to be a normal off-year turnout, granting yearly population increases, when compared with these figures. In fact, it was perhaps a bit better than might have been expected. . . .

Somerville, N. J. WILLIAM C. STRYKER JR.

Where's the ACLU?

Last year in San Francisco, known Communists and students demonstrated against the House Un-American Activities Committee. This year in Cambridge, Harvard students protested against the decision to print their diplomas in English. In San Francisco, the police used fire hoses against the demonstrators. In Cambridge, they used tear gas and night sticks.

Riot charges were dismissed against 62 of the 63 persons arrested in San Francisco; the one student held for trial was later acquitted. In Cambridge, five Harvard students were given jail sentences.

The San Francisco incident created a wave of indignation. Crusading Liberal editors and commentators, responding to the cue, denounced the House Committee and severely criticized the San Francisco police for their brutality and violence. Organized church groups passed resolutions of condemnation and Representative James Roosevelt renewed his efforts to abolish the Committee.

In marked contrast, the Cambridge riots have aroused very little concern or editorial comment. No criticism of the Cambridge police was forthcoming despite their savage behavior. No resolutions have appeared in support of this lawful protest by Harvard students. Where are our Liberal friends? Are they applying their detestable double standard, once more?

It would appear that students who demonstrate against congressional committees are destined for martyrdom, while those who demonstrate against diplomas are destined for the House of Correction. *Suum cuique.*

Needham, Mass. JOHN E. WILSON, D.V.M.

Segregated Springs?

Advocating a cause until it hurts is a pretty good test of sincerity. Such a test of the present Administration's opposition to segregation is to be found at Hot Springs, Ark. The Federal Government owns the springs, and baths are given under its regulations and direction. Yet it remains segregated, and the difference between the sumptuous baths provided for white people and the modest facilities provided for Negroes is as great as the difference between the homes in Alabama. Integration is so easy to bring about at Hot Springs. No troops or U.S. marshals required, not even a court order; just a three-word wire from the Secretary of the Interior to "desegregate all baths" would do it. But nobody directs that the wire be sent. When "rights" of citizens compete with making money, it seems the "rights" are thrown out the window by this Administration.

Fort Valley, Ga. EVAN A. WYNNTON

Reminder

The forthcoming proposal to abandon the present gold support on the dollar should provide an occasion for reminding the American people of the dissenting opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States of February 18, 1935. Four justices declared that "loss of reputation for honorable dealing will bring us unending humiliation; the impending legal and moral chaos is appalling."

I sincerely hope that Senator Goldwater will take a strong stand in associating himself with this dissent-

ing opinion. The forthcoming debate on this subject will be a major test of what he stands for.

Madison, Wis. ADOLPH J. ACKERMAN

Harvard's* Crimson—*II

Wm. F. Buckley's article on the recent bout of Howard J. Phillips with Harvard's monopoly press ["Guilt by Association," June 3] seems to imply that the controversy has significance only within the context of Harvard and National Student Association politics. As a matter of fact, the battle was fought on many fronts. Phillips was faced by an alliance of the NSA leaders on campus, the Harvard *Crimson*, and the Liberal members of the Harvard Young Republican Club, known collectively at Harvard as the Quincy House clique, who hoped, by discrediting Phillips, to further their hold on the College Republican organization in Massachusetts and the nation. Their failure was made complete when Phillips was elected by an overwhelming margin (more than two to one) as Massachusetts State College Chairman, a resounding defeat for the Rockefeller forces in the state.

Cambridge, Mass. RICHARD DERHAM, Secretary
Harvard Young Republican Club

A Bircher Under Every Bed

Now that the United States Army has cleared General Edwin Walker of charges by *Overseas Weekly* that his "Pro-Blue" program was attributable to John Birchism, I trust that the Macmillan publishing company will clean up its advertisements for John Dornberg's *Schizophrenic Germany* which, as you mentioned in "For the Record" [June 17], identify Dornberg as the man who "uncovered" General Walker's alleged John Birchism.

St. Paul, Minn. JOSEPH HALLIBURTON

Middle East Controversy

As a student of the Middle East, I find myself wondering where Mr. W. J. Granberg picked up some of the central facts which he uses in his article of June 3 ["Why They Flout the UN in the Middle East"].

On the land holding question, for example, the British Mandatory Government's Survey of Palestine states that over 70 per cent of the land was the property of the Mandatory Government, and this now constitutes the property of the State of Israel

66

Indeed the Government is, among other things, the largest electric power producer in the country, the largest insurer, the largest insured, the largest lender and the largest borrower, the largest landlord and the largest tenant, the largest holder of grazing land, the largest holder of timberland, the largest owner of grain, the largest warehouse operator, the largest ship owner, and the largest truck fleet operator. For a nation which is the citadel and the world's principal exponent of private enterprise and individual initiative, this is a rather amazing list.

—Rowland Hughes
U.S. Budget Director, 1955

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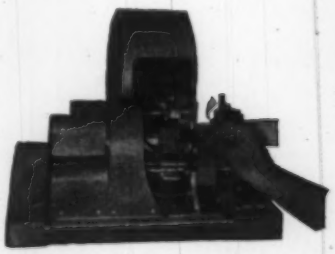
The wolf of socialism wears the clothing of sheep of many breeds. Whether in the guise of farm subsidies, socialized medicine, or government operation of business—each takes away a bit more of our rights as individuals . . . moves us a step further down the road to the slavery of socialism. As individuals and as a Company, we distrust any scheme, whether private or by government, which seeks to take from the dignity of the individual and the freedom of his enterprise. *The philosophy we try to practice in our Company is to encourage individual responsibility and to reward individual accomplishment.*



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as successor state. Of the remainder, a good deal was owned by both Jewish national organizations and individuals. It would be interesting to know where Mr. Granberg gets the figure of 90 per cent of the land being owned by Arabs.

On the question of the assassination of Bernadotte, I have nowhere found any hint, official or otherwise, that it was because of "his liberal attitude toward the displaced Arabs." The documentary, and particularly the press, evidence all points to his alleged support for Arab territorial claims against Israel and against the UN Partition Resolution; this group was an illegal underground group at the time and was later to succumb to the pressure of the Government of Israel. . . .

Washington, D.C. I. SHALMON

In stressing the question of the boundary lines and the whole basis for the flouting of UN resolutions, Mr. Granberg completely omits the crucial point which produced all this, namely the open aggression of five Arab armies against the original UN Partition Resolution when they invaded Israel in 1948. The underlying attitude of the Arab States to the UN was repeatedly made clear in UN debates, as typified by the Egyptian Foreign Minister, who told the Security Council that "the Charter and the UN will not crumble, will not fall apart, if one more of the General Assembly's resolutions is not put into effect." He spoke for the other Arab States when he declared that his country did not choose to comply with the General Assembly's resolution on Palestine. This is what threw the whole UN Partition Resolution off balance, and the result was the illegal annexation by Arab States of most of the areas allotted by the UN to a new independent Arab State, which they never allowed to come into existence. . . .

Washington, D.C. RICHARD K. LYON

Around the World with NR

Has the World Tourist Organization gotten through to you? One week you titillate our travel buds with Peter Crumpet's exciting report on cave paintings in France and Spain ["Go Down, Moses," June 3], the next you all but send us off to Verona to see that Mantegna masterpiece James Burnham writes about, just when my wife and I had completed our purchases of tropical wear

(complete with forked sticks *à la* Evelyn Waugh) for a trip to Quemoy and Matsu. Mr. Burnham's report on Quemoy ["Quemoy: Fulcrum for a Lever," June 3], incidentaily, was the most graphic I have read to date.

Seattle, Wash. HAROLD CORRIGAN

Correction

To believe or not to believe that the Soviets have tested a missile over ranges of "70,000 miles in the Pacific," as is printed in NATIONAL REVIEW ["The Week," June 3] is the question. May I suggest as constructive criticism that "7,000 miles" would be a much more reasonable distance?

Brigham City, Utah PAUL OLSON

U.S. Blamed

May I congratulate you on your excellent article on Africa in your issue of January 28. We, in Kenya, hold the belief that the U.S. is responsible for most of our present troubles, due to the ignorance and prejudice of Americans like "Soapy" Williams. It is indeed a pleasure to read articles by Americans that are both informed and free from the clichés of the anti-colonialists.

Toraton, Songhor, Kenya J. A. ELLIOT

No Space for NR

You may be interested in learning that your magazine, which, along with about fifty others, was available on the open magazine racks of the Donnell Branch of the New York Public Library, is now no longer being displayed.

On two separate occasions I inquired about this and was told, once, that "there wasn't room for displaying *every* magazine"—of course, the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *New Leader*, *Commonweal* and the *United Nations Review* continue to be displayed—and, the second time, that "we had to withdraw the NATIONAL REVIEW because of mutilations." NR is now available only if requested from a librarian.

Do you think it's just possible that with the growth of NR's influence some Liberals are getting nervous enough to indulge in book-burning?

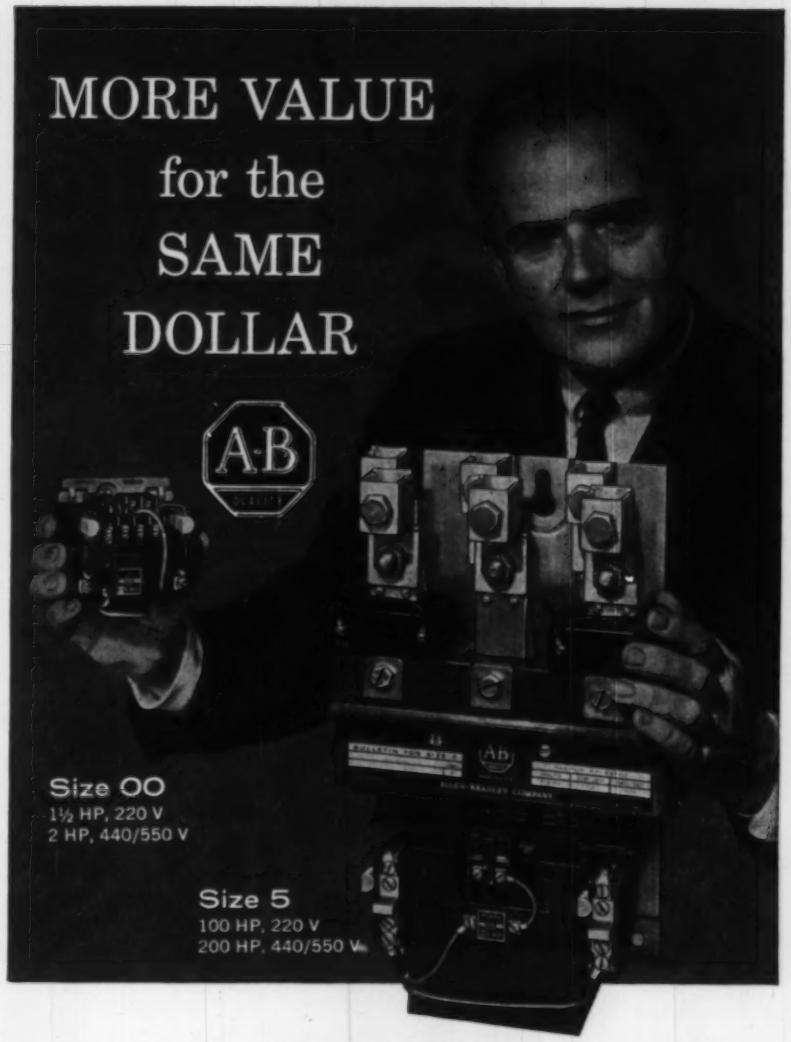
New York City JOSEPH LEONARD

Yuri No. 2

I understand the Russians plan to orbit their second spaceman as soon as possible. His name is Yuri Nother.

MRS. SHERMAN O. DE FRIEST

Kinderhook, N.Y.



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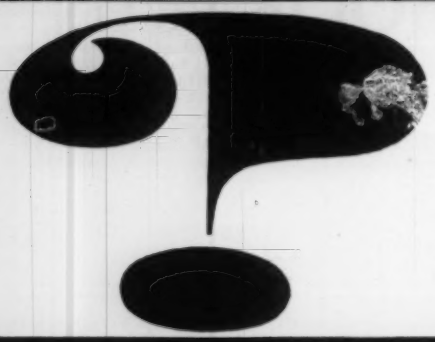

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